The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES, XIX

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1886. NO. 29

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ. Editor and Prop'r

Col. A. Wilson Norris, Republican nominee for Auditor General, was at Aaronsburg last week, to sniff a little wholesome country air. Col. Norris fought and won the battle of Gettysburg single handed and alone, while all the rest of the army stood at a safe distance and looked on. After Norris had fought one whole day in full view of the Union forces, and defeated the rebels, Gen. Sickles came on the second day, and whipped the rebels again. Sickles however had the army to help him, hence had a far easier job of it than Norris, who slew the Johnnies by the thousands using no other weapon but empty bottles of which he had a profusion in his tent and which were handed the ferocious colonel by his aids as fast as he broke them over the heads of the blasted confederates. Norris did not know that Aaronsburg didn't have a licensed tavern, otherwise he might have concluded to pitch his tent at Centre Hall.

Wallace no doubt will be the Democratic candidate and also the next Governor.

The Temperance party in this county think to make a lively campaign this year, and count on a larger vote than ever. They are better organized all over the county than in any previous campaign, and will make a hard fight for cold water. They have the ladies enlisted to a large extent and with the assistance of the clergy, think they will have a bigger boom than many are willing to admit. If they placed in nomination for Prothonotary the candidate who is both a Good Templar and a license man, and thus captured the vote of the two wings by a little deception, they might make a good showing on that ticket at least. However, as good, honest temperance men they may not want to play the demagogue's game.

The Republicans of Centre County are lying low, like a cat watching to make a a spring. Democrats look a leedle oud.

A credit to a party, is its ticket when composed of men whose lives are commendable. One who, by many of those who know him, is recognized as being the hidden auther of all the little neighborhood strifes and secret plots for mischief for nearly a score of years, and a common babbler of other folk's affairs would not be a credit on any ticket for prothonotary or other position.

The Reporter was the first paper to point towards Wallace as the gentleman whom the Democrats could elect Governor. Every one is getting to believe the same thing.

The Republicans are finding fault with Charles S. Wolf, because he made a temperance address to a Sunday school gathering at William's Grove one day last week. Yet these organs did not find fault with Gen. Beaver for riding on the special train with the delegates to the liquor league convention, two weeks ago, cracking jokes with them, he drinking bumpers of soda against their bumpers of whiskey.

The Bellefonte *Gazette* would like the Democrats to put such material in their county ticket, so that they could Fiedler on the Bohemian oats string. Can't come that, sonny.

The battle of Gettysburg was a big thing. The cyclorama of the battle is a big thing. Rothemel's painting of the battle is a big thing—but Col. A. Wilson Norris who won the battle on the first day is a bigger thing than the battle, the cyclorama and Rothermel's painting, all together.

Its about time the press, pulpit, and all sensible papas and mamas called a halt on the great base-ball nuisance. One fourth of the boys have noth ng in their nozzles but base-ball as though that would be their future bread and butter.

Jno. A. Woodward's card appears in this issue as a candidate for Assembly. We believe the people will endorse his course in the legislature by a renomination, he strove to do his duty to ALL his constituents and for the general good.

The Senatorial race haa been entered by Hon. P. Gray Meek, as will be seen by his card in the Reporter. Should the nomination fall on his shoulders the district would certainly have a radical Democrat in the upper house, who besides has a thorough knowledge of the interests of the district.

Where did Jack Spangler get the title of "Major?" He hasn't hair enough on the side of his face to shade a photograph. The "Major had better await more favorable opportunities.—*Clearfield Democrat.*

=Well, if its hair you are after, put up one of your goats for congress, and you have what you want.

THE STATE TREASURY SURPLUS.

We endorse the following from the Pittsburg *Post*: The operation of the new law for discovering the money at interest and taxing it three mills on the dollar for State purposes promises to create a surplus in the State Treasury that will prove as great a temptation to future Legislatures to rush into reckless extravagance in the way of appropriations as the much discussed surplus in the National Treasury has proved a temptation to Congress.

The amount received by the State this first year of its operation, even, will be unexpectedly large, and the surplus thus created will be very considerable. With the knowledge of this fact before him, the first impulse will be to have new modes of expenditure; and the so-called "charities" which lobby at every session of the Legislature for appropriations prepare for fresh raids on the money in sight.

The wise economist under this state of affairs will give his attention to methods of lessening taxation. There is no occasion for lightning the burdens of corporations which at present provide the greater portion of the State revenues; for the reason that though they already pay most of the State tax, they are exempt from the more serious local taxes and upon the whole get off with less than their just share. The farmers and real estate owners in towns find their city and borough, or road tax their school tax and the county levy the weightiest they are called to pay; and whatever lightens these is a substantial relief. If, therefore the present State revenue laws bring in a fuller return of money than the State's expenses require, it is time to inquire what division may fitly be made of the present State income to local purposes. Surely the liquor licenses may with propriety be so applied. The liquor traffic is under the regulation of the county courts; if ills result from it as is charged and the proofs of them are to be seen in the almshouses, jails and the quarter session courts, the cost of their maintenance is paid out of the county treasury; wherefore it is altogether just that the receipts from these licenses go directly into that treasury.

Base-ball is the great United States nuisance.

THE SENATE IN FAVOR OF OLEOMARGARINE.

The Senate passed the oleomargarine bill by a vote of 37 to 24. Among the amendments adopted was one reducing the tax on oleomargarine from five cents per pound to two. The section as to penalty, as amended, reads as follows: "Every person who knowingly sells, or offers for sale, or delivers, or offers to deliver oleomargarine in any other form than new wooden or paper packages, as above decribed, or who packs in any package any manner contrary to law, or who falsely brands any package or affixes a stamp on any package denoting a less amount of tax than shall be required by law, shall be fined for each offense not more than $1,000 and be imprisoned not more than two years."

CROPS IN IOWA.

Special despatches from numerous points in Southern and Eastern Iowa regarding crops and drouth say that with the exception of a few light local showers, there has been rain for six weeks. Wheat and oats are nearly harvested. The quality is good, but the yield will be only one-half. Corn is generally in good condition, but everywhere needs rain to save the crops. In many fields it is tasseling, and a rain will not bring it up to an average yield. Hay is very light. The pastures are parched and nearly all the small streams are dried up. This week is regarded as a critical period for the Iowa corn crop.

A CARD.

Owing to the serious illness of my father, I have been unable to make a proper canvass of the county, consequently the report has been circulated that I had withdrawn from the contest, for the office of Prothonotary. I hereby wish to contradict any such report and say to my friends that *I am a candidate to stay*, and if possible to win, and hope that my friends will not permit opposing candidates to take advantage of my misfortune. Respectfully,

J. C. HARPER.

Politics is getting lively on all the offices to be filled in our county this fall. Candidates are busy working up their cases. There will be a contest on all, except for congress for which J. L. Spangler seems to have a clear field, and so far as we can learn, there is no disposition to deny him the complimentary which is perfectly in order under the circumstances, and as Jack's loyalty can not be doubted, the courtesy should be extended to him, in the absence of a competitor, without any hesitancy. We always favor these acts of kindness to deserving ones in the ranks.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

Chicago, July 20.—The court room was crowded when Henry Heinemann, a reporter and the first witness, was called. Mr. Grinnell asked him if he was at a meeting on October 11 last at the Twefth Street Turners' Hall.

He was. A resolution was introduced by August Spies. Fielding was there, and the meeting was presided over by A. Belz. The contents of the resolutions submitted by Spies related to the impending eight-hour movement, and that the workmen should not hope for success unless they were prepared to enforce their demands. The resolutions concluded something like: "Death to the enemies of the human race, our despoilers." It was set forth in the resolution, which was adopted unanimously at the meeting, that in all likelihood the capitalist class would oppose the laboring man by means of the police and militia, and that no lasting reform could be accomplished unless similar force was brought to bear against the class in authority. The witness said May 1 last was designated as the time the new labor movement was to be introduced. The resolutions were introduced in evidence.

Officer J. A. West, of the Hinman Street Station, was next put on the stand. He was at McCormick's Reaper Factory on the afternoon of May 3, near where a meeting was being held, at which August Spies was a prominent speaker.

Spies had addressed the meeting at McCormick's with the desire of paving the way for the meeting of May 4. This they would prove step by step—it would be shown that after Spies had addressed the crowds in most violent language he did not remain on the scene, but at once came down town and wrote the famous "Revenge" circular denouncing the police, and saying that six workingmen had been killed at McCormick's, which was untrue. Spies had no means of knowing what occurred when he wrote the circular, and his object was simply to inflame the passions of the people, and to make anarchy rule—a doctrine he had been preaching for years. The Court allowed the witness to proceed with his narrative. The witness said many of the mob were armed with revolvers and that they at once opened fire upon the police upon the latters arrival on the scene. Several witnesses corroborated the above testimony.

Sergeant John Enright and another officer next testified as to the riot at McCormick's. Their testimony agreed with that of their comrades.

Captain Ward in command at the Desplaines Street Station, was asked to describe the march of the police to the Haymarket. There were 170 men in line. Lieutenants Steele and Quinn had command of the first company, Lieutenant Hubbard had the third company. The rear was brought up by commands under Lieutenants Beard and Penzen. Captain Ward ordered the Haymarket crowd to disperse in the name of the State of Illinois. Fielden was on the wagon occupied by the speakers, and it was he who said: "We are peaceable." The bomb exploded an instant or two later. Seven were wounded and in all 66 were killed and injured. After the bomb exploded the crowd opened a rattling volley on the police and 42 men in his precinct were either killed or wounded. On cross examination Captain Ward said Fielden was addressing him when he said, "We are peaceable," and that a slight emphasis was laid on the word "peaceable." The Court here adjourned.

Personal.—Several individuals have requested of us our reasons for being unfriendly to a certain candidate for prothonotary. 1st, It is in self defense for underhanded attacks of the vilest nature continued for years; and, because it is the duty of every honest journalist to expose tricksters. Because we were above being a vile tool for his selfish ends, this fellow has persecuted us, viz:

He requested us to enter into a bargain to slaughter Gen. Buchanan—we didn't enter. He wanted us to go into his plan to kill off John Shannon—we didn't "go". He proposed we help defeat S. S. Wolf—we didn't help. He proposed we help slaughter another gentleman so he got the position the other held—we did not slaughter. He proposed we help "organize a ring to control things"—we wouldn't organize. In the above and much similar plotting he could not use us and got to abusing us as we would not be a cat's paw to pull chestnuts out of the fire for him, he got "disgusted" and took to traducing our character in a cowardly way. Whether he has found any to lend themselves to little, unmanly schemes of secret concoction, we do not know. We could not be used thus and bore slander, misrepresentation and deliberate falsehood patiently, thinking the time would come when we might be pardoned for a little self-defense. Any one who wouldn't do the same thing, under such vile provocation, stand up and remain standing until counted.

Said one, What a nest for hatching petty schemes his place always is and for breeding little strifes. Just so.

We could produce affidavit to all the above but a little inquiry among some of our best people will teach that we have drawn a correct characteristic of our friend. Suffice it to say that his treachery towards some of the most honorable citizens of Gregg and Harris, who were tricked is in keeping with his ways And now, because we do just as any one would do if in our place, our wonderful man has taken it into his head that the Reporter must be wiped out, killed and slaughtered, because it won't be a tool in unmanly politics, Well, well!

To the party he never gave any service, and never was active unless when in a petty plot to defeat some Democrat and elect a rad—a disgruntled subject, of such indecent greed as to reach for anothers shoes before he was dead. Consider the source, is what we hear.

Pinegrove Mills, July 20.

Editor Reporter:

In reading the Reporter of July 14, I noticed an item about a Democrat having a tussle with a Republican on account of the removal of the latter from the post-office in this place. Your informant is certainly mistaken. I cannot see the Democrat in a man that accepts the nomination for an office from the Republican party. This fellow that broom-sticked the ex-postmaster was the regular Republican nominee for Justice of the Peace, last spring, in opposition to J. B. Mitchell, who was the regular Democratic nominee for the same. This broom-stick fellow had his forces out electioneering for him while the other one was at home attending to his domestic affairs, so this broom-sticker was elected Justice of the Peace a regular Republican candidate. The fight was about money; the post master (now ex-p. m) furnished money for this tussler to go to Washington to bore Curtin to obtain the appointment for Samuel Dunlap, to post master at this place, with the understanding that the office should be left where it was at that time. But as soon as this tussler got things in shape to suit himself, he said, Now brother party-splitter, I got the appointment for you, you must put it in my office and appoint me your assistant, and I'll take the cream and you may have the blue milk. After the commission was received the office was moved. Then the ex-p. m. saw that he fell into the ditch he helped to dig to throw the honest Democrats into. But his money was used to bear traveling expenses. He happened to meet a man that asked him to carry some money to this tussler; he readily consented to do it; after he had the money he thought, now is my time; my brother fraudulency threw me into the ditch, I helped him to dig, I will keep the amount out of this. He went to his bro. fraud, and said, Mr. So and So gave me so much money to hand to you, give me a receipt. The tussler filled out a receipt and handed it to him. The ex-p. m. then gave him the money less the amount he had furnished to bear traveling expenses for the tussler to go to Washington; they had some words about it and the tussler made use of the broom stick on the ex-p. m.

A Democrat.

BEGGED TO REMAIN.

[From the Washington Post.]

We trust that Gov. Curtin may be induced to reconsider his determination to withdraw absolutely from public life. His record in the House has been an altogether creditable one, in consonance with his previous distinguished career; and, although he has not had the leverage of such a position as his ability and high experience qualified him to fill, and although he is no longer fired with the enthusiasm of youth, yet his great knowledge of affairs and his matured wisdom have always proved valuable in emergencies.

THREE PEOPLE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Minden, Neb., July 20.—During yesterday's storm the wind blew down the Danish church, three miles south of Fredericksburgh, and killed Mrs. Nels Monk. Three miles south of Minden the lightning struck a house, killing Rasmus Dilleston, a German farmer, his son Al, seventeen years old, and a daughter of fourteen years instantly, and severely injured another child.

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS STARVING.

Destitution, Suffering and Death in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Ottawa, July 22.—Hon. A. Wedell from St. Johns, N. F., arrived last evening to confer with the government as to some means of relieving the destitute poor on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. Over 500 families are starving in northern Newfoundland, while in Labrador, 1000 families are in the worst state of destitution. One hundred and twenty persons have died so far. The thermometer the 1st of July stood at zero. From Cape Bauld, N. F., to Cape Mugford on the Labrador coast, there is one solid barrier of ice and no fishing has been possible. A large number of starving fishermen from Indian Harbor and Sandwich Bay have just arrived to implore food from the government and assistance for friends left behind. No crops can be grown, and it is probable that 1,000 people will die within another month if help is not afforded.

The August mid-summer number of American Agriculturist contains original articles from no less than forety-one well known writers, and nearly eighty original illustrtions from well-known artists, on a great variety of subjects pertaining to the Farm, Garden, Hearth and Household. The genial Robert B. Roosevelt, discourses on Headless Lettuce; Peter Henderson tells how a negroe's heel revolutionized Turnip Culture in South Carolina; Seth Green gives full instructions for raising your own trout; Oscar R. Gleason gives full and illustrated instructions for breaking and training vicious horses; Peter Collier reviews the whole history of sorghum in the United States; Col. Weld tells all about a drove of wild hogs that have been imported from Hungary and let loose in the State, recommending the same for other States The Editors, Drs, Thuber, Hexamer, and Joseph Harris, descant upon a variety of topics; the household and children's departments are unusually full, while the numbug department ventilates several new frauds. Price $1.50 per year. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address "American Agriculturist," 751 Broadway, New York.

A NEW LEAGUE PROPOSED.

Danville, July 25.—A base ball league, embracing Lewistown, Huntingdon, Sunbury, Danville, Lewisburg and Bellefonte is proposed by H. C. Wolfe, of Lewisburg. The above would make a nice circuit and pay expenses.

Yes, and the league will always be out on a "strike."

Inquiry having been made as to the present location of Carl Schurz, a cynical voice from Philadelphia replies: "Ask of the winds, dear friend, ask of the winds. He has always kept company with them."

PARALYSED WHILE CURSING GOD.

Cincinnatti, July 23.—A strange story comes from Bradford Junction concerning a farmer there. Simon Wilcox was formerly an enthusiastic church member, but on Tuesday, when he surveyed the ruin of his crops wrought by a hail storm, he began to curse God for allowing such destruction, and vented a tirade of horrible blasphemy. In the midst of his curses he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and could not leave the spot. There his neighbors found him, and there story is that they could not release him; that he was surrounded by a circle of intense heat, and that when they tried to push him outside of it with a pole, the pole turned off, and that it was not until toward evening that the mysterious heat disappeared and he fell down, unconscious, and was picked up a raving maniac.

The above the Reporter sets down as the boss lie of the season.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

One of the Most Fascinating Studies One Can Find—Some of the Signs.

Graphology is the art of reading character in handwriting. It is one of the most fascinating studies one can find; absorbing one's attention; making one a nuisance to one's friends and acquaintances in one's search for bits of writing. The poorest writing is as good to study as the best—better, in fact. The good writing—the writing that is still as the writer was taught by the teacher—shows a character without any originality. But what is graphology? Well, in brief, it is the art of character in handwriting, and enables one to study his friend or enemy at a distance—and as friendly letters are the least unstudied, the least formal, they reveal more of one's character. It is not necessary to read the words; but from the manner letters are made, how they are joined, how placed on the line, and many points, one can decide the character of a person wholly unknown. There is not a bit of prophesy about it, as in palmistry, phrenology and other so-called arts. Simply the moral and mental character of the person who wrote and at the time of writing. Comparing writings of persons at different periods, the decline or advance in character can be told.

If I could have Maxwell's letters to Preller, and could have also letters written by him this past week, I could tell whether he has lost confidence or not. If our druggists' windows are portraits of two great artists, Adelina Patti and Mary Anderson. Take a good look at their signatures. There is no equal to a Patti, and none of the Pattis can compare with Adelina! But it is a gracious, graceful pride, shown by the graceful underlining of the name. See, too, the old-time womanliness of the writer. Now turn to Mary Anderson. She belongs to the new generation. Less, far less of womanly grace and charm, more, far more of the age. She is a born business woman, one might say a business coquette. She could hold her own on 'change among our best and keenest merchants. The flourish to her name shows she can "draw trade," and what is more, can keep it. She is a poser—posing ever and always. One who wishes to keep in her good graces must praise her. She is cold-blooded.

Now find if you scan the signature of Adelaide Neilson. What nobleness! What graciousness! What power and range of impression, and of expression. One of the regrets of my life is in never having seen and heard her. Since I began studying graphology I have not found a writing so essentially noble in all ways as is Adelaide Neilson's—what! I'm talking too fast, and haven't given you any proof of what I claim for graphology! Well, you know that two signs of graphology have passed into proverbs. The careful person is one who always "dots his i's and crosses his t's," who always "minds his p's and q's." Let your readers take a bundle of letters, spread them out and look for small i's, and they will soon find some that are not simply looped, as the writing master taught, but are barred back of the down stroke. That is stubborness. Now look farther and find some t's that are barred with a down slant from left to right, making an acute instead of an obtuse angle on the under right-hand side. There is the mark of an opinionated, contrary person.—"W. B. W." in Globe-Democrat.

Grant Full of Human Nature.

He had few affections, but those were intense; he did not hate many, but he could be implacable. He was not what is usually called ambitious, but after he had been long in power he was not insensible to the sweets of possession, and was decidedly averse to relinquishing what he had enjoyed. He was not vain, but he knew his own qualities and, though he had the faculty of receiving adulation with a greater appearance of equanimity than any human being I have known, he was not indifferent to the recognition of the world or the praises of his friends. He who never betrayed on that imperturbable countenance that he relished the plaudits of the multitude has told me often with delicious frankness afterward of the compliments he had received: he who seemed so careless of censure or criticism, after some little speech of four or five lines, has looked around shyly as he sat down and whispered: "Was that all right?"

The disclosure is no betrayal of his confidence, now that his modesty can no longer be pained. It can not but make his calm and stalwart nature still more interesting to know that it covered the ordinary softnesses of humanity. The living, breathing man is nearer to us than the statue of stone or unreal demi-god. The Grant that I knew was full of human nature. He had his weaknesses, but they made him more lovable sometimes to those who found them out; he had his weaknesses, but to deny this would be to deny that he was mortal.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

Many Different Varieties of Rice.

An instructive display at the newly opened colonial exhibition in London is that of rice of India, which includes 10,000 varieties, all belonging to a single species. All colors are represented, from black to pale yellow and white. Two species of wild rice are known, only one of which resembles the cultivated varieties.—Arkansaw Traveler.

It is clever in us to bury an old animosity, but it isn't just the thing to put a tombstone over it.—Philadelphia Call.

Always appear to agree with the world and you will get on smoothly without soaping the track.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE ELECTION AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for their districts on SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1886, to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. The election will open at 2 o'clock, p. m. and close at 6 o'clock p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1886 at 2 p. m.

to nominate: One delegate to the State convention to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of L. G. Lingle; four delegates to the State convention in 1887; one candidate for Congress and three Congressional conferees; one for State Senate, and three Senatorial conferees; two for Assembly, one for Prothonotary; one for District Attorney; one for County Surveyor, and to transact such other business as shall be brought up and the interests of the party may require.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte, N. W.	2	Harris twp.	3
" S. W.	3	Haines, W. P.	3
" W. W.	1	" E. P.	3
Centre Hall	1	Howard	2
Milesburg boro	1	Huston	1
Millheim	3	Liberty	2
Howard	1	Marion	5
Philipsburg 1st w	1	Miles	5
" 2nd w	2	Patton	1
" 3d w	1	Penn	3
Unionville	1	Potter N P	2
Benner twp	3	" S P	4
Boggs E P	2	Rush N P	3
" W P	2	" S P	1
Burnside	1	Snow Shoe E P	2
Curtin	1	" W P	2
College	2	Spring	4
Ferguson E P	3	Taylor	1
" W P	1	Union	2
Gregg N P	2	Walker	4
" S P	5	Worth	2
Halfmoon	1		

The following persons will hold the delegate election in Pennsvalley in their respective districts

Centre Hall boro—Dr. J. F. Alexander C, D. C. Keller, John Spangler.

Millheim boro—D L Zerby, C, J H Reifsnyder, Franklin Knarr.

Ferguson twp E P—John McConnell, C Fred Bottorf, Albert Hoy. W. P.—L W Walker, C, B F Bowersox, Christopher Harpster.

Gregg twp N P—John Rossman, C, John S Hoy, Wm Lose. S. P.—John P Condo, C, John Coldren, F F Jameson.

Haines twp E P—John J Orndorf, C, M S Feidler, Henry Rhinehard. W. P.—Jacob Wile, C. E G Mingle, J Winkleblech.

Harris twp—James W Snable, C, George W Williams, F E Wieland.

Miles twp—Reuben Kreamer, C, Jas P Frank, Wm I Carling.

Penn twp—Samuel Ard, C. A J Campbell, S R Gettig.

Potter twp S P—E B Hosterman, C, W W Spangler, John G Danberman. N. P.—James A Keller, Wm Gettig, B H Arney.

Spring twp—Amos Garbrich, C, G Perry Gentzel, P N Barnhart.

Walker twp—Samuel Dukes, C, Jacob Dunkle, Harry Vonada.

ADAM HOY, Chairman.
L. A. Schaeffer, Sec'y.

DISEASAES AMONG SWINE

Chicago, July 21.—A special dispatch from Pana, Ill., says: The hog cholera, or the disease commonly called milk sickness is raging among the swine running at large in the timber country south of here. Some farmers have lost every hog they owned. Cattle have also been attacked in some localities where the disease always rages when it shows itself. The cattle die and people are attacked who use the milk and flesh of sick animals.

DR. SMITH'S SALVE

—IS A WELL-KNOWN REMEDY FOR—

TETTER — ERYSIPELAS — SCROFULA

FLESH-WOUNDS, FELONS, BOILS, ULCERS, BURNS, SCALDS, CHAPPED-HANDS, PILES, CHILBLAINS, AND RUNNING SORES.

Sent by Mail, post-paid, for 25 CENTS.

Address, S. W. SMITH, Centre Hall, Pa.

Dr. Peter Smith, dec'd, was an old Centre county Physician of the first rank, having gained that position by the miraculous cures effected by DR. SMITH'S SALVE originated by his ancestors. A trial of the remedy produces the most convincing testimonials. At druggists. [Jul21

☞ You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy,

JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.

UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.

DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.
9jun6m.

NEW CONFECTIONERY AND GROCERY,

IN THE OLD BANK BUILDING, CHURCH ST.

I keep a full line of

CANDIES, NUTS,

TROPICAL FRUITS

TOBACCO AMD SEGARS

I am also prepared to furnish families with

—SWISS — MEAD—

—on Wednesdays and Saturdays.—

Give me a call.

7jul2m C. W. Fisher.

WANTED SOLICITORS in every County in Pennsylvania for THE LAKE SHORE MASONIC RELIEF ASSOCIATION of Erie, Pa. For particulars write with references or call on WM. HIMROD, General Agent, Erie, Pa.

Threshing Machines A SPECIALTY. A SPECIALTA.

Simplest, Most Durable, Economical and Perfect in use. Wastes no Grain; Cleans it Ready for Market.

THRESHING ENGINES & HORSE POWERS, Saw Mills, Grain Drills and Standard Implements Generally. Send for illustrated catalogue.

A. T. FARQUHAR,
Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.
19jul4t

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—At Mount Washington, a suburb of Pittsburg on the 12, John M. Duvall invited Jacob H. Jones to his house near the brow of the hill. Duvall led Jones back of an old barn, and then seized a can of vitriol, which he had concealed for the purpose, and dashed the liquid into Jones' face. After watching the sufferings of his victim for some time, Duvall went to the edge of the cliff, where there is a descent of three hundred feet, and shooting himself in the head, fell to the bottom. He was picked up senseless, and cannot survive. Should Jones recover he will be totally blind. About a year ago Duvall's wife procured a divorce and married Jones the same day. All three are under 30 years of age.

—A colored camp meeting at Hook Town, Kentucky, broke up on the 11th, in "a general row," in which one man was killed, and three others were mortally wounded. Mrs. George Harris has been arrested in Rushville, Illinois, for killing her husband on the 11th by striking him in the temple with an iron harrow. She is believed to be insane.

—Mrs. Mudgett's boarding-house in Chicago was burned just before daylight on the 13th. It is supposed the flames were started by the over-turning of a coal-oil lamp in the hall by rats. To escape death from the flames the following persons jumped from a second-story window and were injured: Mr. C. C. Roberts, Parepa Roberts, Pauline Roberts and Mrs. H. A. Gilbert. The latter's injuries are dangerous T. R. Morris' livery stable, in Chicago, was burned on the 13th. Peter Smith and his wife, Peter's cousin, Charles Smith, and James Flannery, employes of Morris, and lodging over the stable, had to jump out of the second-story window. Charles Smith had his back broken. He was taken to the hospital, where it was said he could not recover. Peter Smith had his leg broken and was seriously injured internally. Mrs. Smith and Flannery also have broken limbs. Eleven horses were burned to death.

—Justin Matthews, aged 11 years, Albert Matthews, aged 15, and Rufus Allen, aged 18, were drowned in Highland Lake, Maine, on the 12th, by the upsetting of an overballasted sail boat.

—A destructive thunder storm passed over Dixon, Illinois, on the 11th. Great damage was done to crops of all kinds, fruit being entirely ruined. Telephone and telegraph wires were levelled and buildings blown down throughout the county. The storm on the 9th, near Kankakee, Illinois, did great damage over a path several miles in width. The chief agent of destruction was hail, which cut off corn, oats and timothy close to the ground. Hundreds of windows were smashed, houses were unroofed and stock killed. A man was killed by lightning and a woman seriously injured.

—The boiler of the National Flouring Mills in Parsons, Kansas, burst on the 12th, killing two men. A portable engine on a farm at Alton Junction, Illinois, exploded on the 12th, injuring five men, three of them mortally.

—Thirty horses in the neighborhood of Lilley, Illinois, are suffering from a disease resembling glanders.

—A cloud of grasshoppers settled on a wheat field near Sanborn, Dakota, on the 11th, "and in a very short time cleared fifty acres of every vestige of greenness."

—Samuel E. Brown killed himself in a barn near Indianapolis on the 12th, because the family of his sweetheart opposed his marrying her.

—A telegram from San Antonio, Texas, says that John Booth, a wealthy stockman, who twenty-five years ago revenged his brother's death by killing his two murderers in Hardin county, was arrested on the 13th at Helena, Kames county, by State rangers, and lodged in jail. Near Fayetteville, Arkansas, a few days ago, Rev. John Lokey and his son Ephraim got into a fight with a neighbor named McClelland over the location of the boundary line between their farms. Rev. Mr. Lokey tried to shoot McClelland, but the cap of the gun snapped, whereupon father and son together assaulted their antagonist. McClelland drew a knife and hacked the father and son with it until they were mortally wounded. He was acquitted at a preliminary hearing on the 13th, on the ground of self-defence. John Benpoe, ex-Sheriff of Sumter county, Alabama, was taken from jail at Livingston, on the 13th, and lynched by a mob for having attempted to murder his brother-in-law.

—In New York, about half-past one o'clock on the 12th, a "fair-faced" man, about 30 years of age, stopped in front of a tenement on East Forty-seventh street and shot himself through the forehead. He was taken to the hospital, where he died. Soon after eight o'clock a man about 55 years old, without a hat, sat down on a low wall at Twelfth avenue and One Hundred and Third street, and shot himself through the mouth, dying instantly. Neither suicide was identified. The cause of self-destruction in both cases seemed to be "destitution and general wretchedness." Adrian Crucy and his wife, each about 50 years of age, committed suicide by shooting themselves in the head, at their residence in Lexington avenue, New York, on the 11th. Crucy was a petroleum merchant. Peter Van Pelt, 55 years of age, for nearly twenty years a ship news reporter, committed suicide in Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on the 11th, by shooting himself in the head.

—The convicts employed at the Dade coal mines, near Chattanooga, about 200 in number, have revolted and entrenched themselves in a building, refusing to surrender. They are surrounded by guards with the intention of starving them out. Troops are held in readiness, at Atlanta, to be sent to the scene if necessary.

—Augustus O. Brewster, a well-known criminal lawyer and politician of Boston, formerly District Attorney, was arranged in that city on the 12th on a charge of forgery. He was held in $3000 bail.

—C. H. Hoffman's warehouse, at Merced, California, containing 12,000 tons of wheat, and five cars loaded with wheat, was on the 14th destroyed by fire. Loss $250,000.

—Two hundred acres of cranberries near Tomah, Wisconsin, were ruined by the recent forest fires. The damage is estimated at $50,000.

—A severe thunder storm passed over Pittsburg and the surrounding country on the 14th. Great damage was done to fruits and grains along the Ohio river from Steubenville to Pittsburg, whose fields having been ruined. Small houses were lifted from their foundations, buildings were unroofed, trees and fences levelled. In Pittsburg cellars and basements were flooded. The storm extended throughout Western Pennsylvania. A child was killed at Meadville by a falling timber, and Mrs. Louisa Shearhouse was killed by lightning at Corry. Violent storms raged on the 14th in Western Maryland, damaging property. Charles Whitehall, a farmer, was killed by lightning near Unionville. Damage to the extent of several thousand dollars was done by a thunder storm in the country around Detroit on the 13th.

—Rains have been falling for more than a month in nearly all sections of North Carolina, and their seems no prospect of their abatement. In many cases the damage done is irreparable. "All the lowland crops in the State are injured; and only in a few sections on stiff uplands is there much prospect of any sort of crops. The damage in many cases is well nigh total, and in others from one quarter to one-half." The flood in Pender county is the greatest since 1867, and many farmers on the Cape Fear river, besides losing all their crops, have been driven from their homes,

—Hugh M. Brooks, alias W. H. Lenox Maxwell, convicted of the murder of Charles Arthur Preller, in St. Louis, was sentenced on the 14th to be hanged on August 27th. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court of Missouri.

—M. Haneker, Peter Siegel and William Haneker, the latter only 18 years of age, were arrested in Chicago on the 14th while in the express office with a box of stolen goods shipped from Warsaw, Indiana. Another culprit, named McCauley, was afterwards arrested in a saloon. They had committed a number of highway robberies and burglaries near Warsaw, Columbus and Plymouth.

—Daniel W. Hill, a farmer, was gored to death by a bull near Watseka, Illinois, on the 13th. Charles Wilmer, colored, aged 30 years, while oiling machinery in a saw-mill at Baltimore, on the 13th, was caught in the engine and crushed to death. Near Branson, South Carolina, on the 13th, Sarah Clinger, 8 years of age, was playing with five other children on a "flying jenny," when the pin on which it turned gave way and it fell on her, causing instant death. The others escaped unhurt.

—A house at Clove's Ranch, near Pena., Texas, was struck by lightning on the 14th, and four sleeping women were killed.

—The Provident Savings Bank of St. Louis closed its doors on the 14th and made an assignment. Its cashier, Almond R. Thompson, has disappeared after embezzling its funds. The capital of the bank is $200,000 and its liabilities are said to exceed the assets about $40,000. Most of the depositors are clerks and poor men and women.

—The Dundy County Bank, at Benkleman, Nebraska, failed on the 14th, because its President, Belzer, fled to Canada, with about $100,000 of its funds and securities. Garlos S. Geeley, the principal stockholder of the Provident Savings Bank, of St. Louis, which failed on the 14th, says that on the 10th, the Cashier, Thompson, took $15,000 from the bank vault, "and the greatest surprise to me," says Mr. Greeley, "is that he did not appropriate the rest of it." The total "shortage" of Thompson is estimated at $70,000. Mr. Geeley says the depositors will be paid in full, but the bank will not resume.

—A terrible storm of wind and rain visited Baltimore on the 15th. It burst at Hollin's street and moved ten blocks to Harlem avenne. Houses were unroofed, trees uprooted, windows smashed and chimneys torn down. Some of the streets were made impassable by the debris.

—A fire at Fish Creek, near Stanton, Michigan, on the 14th, destroyed H. E. Wogar's mill property, 5,000,000 feet of lumber, 4,000,000 shingles, lath, tramways and outbuildings, mill boarding-house, and Evans & De Young's general store. Loss, $80,000; insurance, $50,000. A fire in Chicago, on the 15th, destroyed the sash factories of Patrick Conway and Charles Lange. Loss, $34,000. Five blocks of buildings in Bloomer, Chippewa county, Wisconsin, were burned on the 15th. Loss, about $70,000.

—Hog colera is raging in Montgomery county, Illinois, and many of the farmers have lost all their swine.

—William Hill & Son, of Springville Iowa, among the principal creamery firms of that State, are reported to have failed, because of the introduction of oleomargarine." The Poultney Slate Works and the Esperanza Marble Company, of Rutland, Vermont, have been compelled to suspend, owing to the De Rivera failure in New York. De Rivera was the principal stockholder in both companies.

—Rev. Dr. Isaac Bevan, a well-known Baptist minister, died on the 15th near Scranton, Penna., aged 75 years. He had been fifty years in the ministry.

—The Board of Agriculture of Illinois estimates the yield of corn in that State this year at about 90 per cent. of the average.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 12th, the Senate bill to prevent the obstruction of the harbor and adjacent waters of New York city by dumping or otherwise was passed. The Committee on Privileges and Elections was given leave to sit during the sessions of the Senate (to consider the Payne case). The House bill granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the Mexican war was passed with an amendment, and goes back for concurrence. Mr. Hoar, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back, with a substitute. The River and Harbor bill was resumed, the pending question being on the Hennepin Canal amendment. After debate the amendment was agreed to—yeas 31, nays 22. Without disposing of the bill the Senate adjourned. Just before adjourning the Sundry Civil bill was reported with amendments and ordered to be printed. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 13th, the Chair presented resolutions of the convention of Republican editors of Ohio urging an investigation of the charges as to the election of Senator Payne, and two other memorials on the same subject. Referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The consideration of the River and Harbor bill was resumed. After the adoption of a number of amendments, pending further action the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 14th several bills on the calendar were passed, among them the House bill for the establishment of additional lighthouse districts and the House bill providing for additional aids to navigation at the mouth of the Mississippi—the latter with amendments. The River and Harbor bill was resumed. Mr. McMillan, having charge of the measure, moved that it be "recommitted to the Committee on Commerce with instructions to amend it as voted by the Senate Committee of the Whole, except that in each item of the bill, and in the aggregate, there be a reduction of 30 per cent.; that the committee amend the bill accordingly (and not otherwise) and report the same complete forthwith." After discussion Mr. McMillan withdrew his motion, and the Senate proceeded to vote upon the amendments to the bill. The amendment accepting the grant of the Illinois and Michigan Canal and for the construction of the Hennepin Canal was adopted—yeas, 27; nays, 20. Without progressing any further with the bill, which (after all the committee amendments are disposed of) will still be open to further amendment, many of which are to be offered, the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 15th bills were reported and placed on the calendar, authoring the retirement of General Averill with the rank and pay of a captain of cavalry, and authorizing the President to appoint and retire General Alfred Pleasonton as major. The consideration of the River and Harbor bill was resumed. A number of amendments were adopted. Finally Mr. McMillan, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, moved to strike out all after the enacting clause in the bill, and insert all the items now in the bill, but reducing the amount appropriated in each case 25 per cent. After much debate, during which some of the Senators showed bad temper, the Senate without reaching a vote, adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 12th, the Speaker presented a message from the President vetoing the bill for a public building at Asherville, North Carolinia. A number of bills were introduced and referred. Among them was one by Mr. Levering, of Massachusetts (by request), "to abolish the importation of Italian or other slaves or laborers under contract, and held to involuntary servitude, into the United States." The Senate amendments to the Legislative Appropriation bill were considered in Committee of the Whole. The consideration of the amendments was concluded in committee, but, pending further action, the House adiourned.

In the House, on the 13th, the Speaker presented the Mexican Pension bill with a Senate amendment and Mr. Eldredge, of Michigan, asked for the immediate consideration of that amendment. Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, and Mr. Bragg, of Wisconsin, objecting, the bill was referred to the Committee on Pensions. Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, submitted a report upon the message of the President vetoing a bill granting a pension to Joseph Romeiser, and Mr. Matson, of Indiana, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, submitted an adverse report for the relief of Mrs. Maria Hunter. Both were ordered to be printed and laid over. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 14th, the Surplus resolution was considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Morrison offered the following amendment: "The surplus or balance herein referred to shall be the available surplus, ascertained according to the form of the statement of the United States Treasury, of the assets and liabilities of the Treasury of the United States employed June 30, 1886." After debate the amendment was agreed to. Several other amendments were rejected, and the resolution was passed—yeas 209, nays 65. Adjourned

In the House, on the 15th, Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, reported from the Committee on Appropriations a joint resolution continuing in force until July 31st the provisions of the joint resolution providing temporarily for the expenditures of the Government. The resolution was passed. An evening session was held, at which bills were passed as follows: To prevent the employment of convict labor and alien labor upon public buildings and other public works; amending the act to prohibit the importation and immigration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States; to protect mechanics, laborers and servants in the District of Columbia in their wages; directing the Commissioner of Labor to make an investigation in regard to convict labor in the United States. Pending discussion of the bill extending the provisions of the Eight-Hour law to letter carriers the House adjourned.

—The Troy *Times* publishes reports from the hop-growing counties of New York, to the effect that there will be from a third to half a crop. There is much excitement among farmers and speculators. Hops advanced from 10 cents July 1st to 30 cents July 12th. Many farmers are ploughing up their yards and sowing buckwheat.

The Will Finds out the Way.

There's something I'd have you remember, boys,
To help in the battle of life;
'Twill give you strength in time of need,
And help in the hour of strife.
Whenever there's something that should be done,
Don't be faint-hearted and say:
"What use to try?" Remember, then,
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win;
But though at first they fail,
They try again, and the earnest heart
Is sure at last to prevail.
Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your mind to reach the top;
For where there's a will there's a way.
The men who stand at the top are those
Who never could bear defeat;
Their failure only made them strong
For the work they had to meet,
The will to do and the will to dare
Is what we want to-day;
What has been done can be done again,
For the will finds out the way.

MY IMITATION WIFE.

I had just adjusted my time and was preparing to leave, when mother came in.

"Going out, are you, Tom?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where, to another party?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That makes three this week, doesn't it, Tom?"

"Yes, ma'am. We're hurrying to get through. Goin' to take Miss Beaufort to-night, and then I'm done with the Jolly club parties."

Mother, somehow or other, did not seem to think very much of what I said.

"Tom, I wish you would get married," she had such a troubled face. "I believe you could stay at home some."

"Well, I am awful tired, mother, and completely worn out."

"Then why don't you quit it?"

"Best reason in the world, mother. I am neither engaged nor in love, but I'm willing to be."

It was getting late, so I started after this, but the look on mother's face set me to thinking.

My mother is the best woman in the world, even if I do say it myself, and I felt worried about her.

She was right. I was out nearly every evening. This evening at a reception, next time at a ball, then a theatre party, and so on. Of course I could afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's was a very liberal one.

But—

I wasn't saving a cent, and my own home folks never saw me except at the table. Even poor, old, patient mother was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There was that Beaufort girl. She was a fine one. Could dance any kind, talk about anything you wanted, and make you have the finest time in the world. Then there was Vene Wright. She would take in the base ball with a fellow, go rowing, skating, anything for fun.

Then Vene had money. That was an important item.

Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vene on the subject of matrimony.

"Thomas, old son," said I to myself, "Vene is the one."

But Vene, somehow or other, did not exactly suit the case, and my mind reverted to Miss Beaufort. Miss Beaufort was smart, pretty, stylish, and suited better, but I knew nothing about her financial standing. This was an important matter in those days.

Meanwhile the coupe had neared Miss Beaufort's. I had never been there before, and to my surprise, found it to be a very unpretentious house.

I confess I was disappointed. I expected to drive up to an elegant mansion, be ushered into a fine reception room with servants in livery, and there await the coming of Miss Beaufort.

Then I expected to make a bold rush for Miss Beaufort's heart—propose, and possibly be accepted or declined by the time the party was over. But not so.

A little lady with gray hair opened the door, and she was introduced to me by Miss Beaufort as mamma. Miss Beaufort was ready and waiting, so we walked out to the coupe.

"Mr. Silver," said she, "don't you think there is a great amount of snobbery in society, and lots of downright foolishness?"

"Well, yes," said I.

"For instance," she said, "here is an elegant coupe that you have brought for me, and yet the party is only two blocks away."

This certainly was very refreshing. I had actually squandered five dollars to have this coupe for the evening, and she did not even so much as notice it. I know Vene would have enjoyed a ride in it.

"Mr. Silver," said she to me again, "this is the last party I am going to this winter."

"Well, why?" said I. "Aren't you going to take in the German club ball and the others?"

"No," said she. "Mamma hasn't the money; she can't afford it."

"Mr. Silver," she continued, "can you afford to spend so much money on society?"

I looked at her. There was honesty fairly shining out of her pretty black eyes, even if she wasn't very polite. I answered her honestly.

"No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot. I haven't saved a cent this winter, and I get a big salary too."

"Well," said she, "I have met you so frequently I felt quite well acquainted with you, and I expect I have been a little impolite."

"No," said I, "I am glad you take that much interest in me."

Then we changed the subject. I had a splendid time at the party, and enjoyed Miss Beaufort's company very much. I found her level-headed and bright, if she was too frank.

Next day I told mother about it. She said that she admired Miss Beaufort for her common sense, if she hadn't seen her. Then she referred to my getting married again.

"Suppose," said she, "you pretend for a week or so you are married, and see how it goes."

"An imitation wife," said I.

"Why not?" said she. "I will write the name of a young lady on a card, seal it in an envelope, and you can lock it in your desk. Then let us suppose that you are married to her for, say, two weeks. During that time I want you to act just as if the lady was here in person and your lawfully wedded wife."

"Whose name are you going to write on the card?" said I.

"Never mind," said she. "I will write my preference, and neither of us will breathe a word about this to a living soul."

Weagreed on this. Mother wrote the name on a card and sealed the envelope.

I knew it was Vene Wright's name, so I decided to imagine that Vene was there in person; and so we started out on the week.

Monday night came. That was the night of the bachelor german, but I stayed at home and talked to mother. Then I played euchre with her for awhile, and we managed to have a very enjoyable evening.

Next morning mother met me at the table with smiles, and about the best breakfast I had eaten in a long time.

"You must imagine that your wife saw to this breakfast," she whispered.

Going up on the street car that morning, who should get in but Miss Beaufort. I bowed to her gracefully, deposited her fare in the nickle box, and was about to sit down by her when I happened to think of my imitation wife at home, and walked to the rear of the car.

"Married men have no business talking to young ladies," said I to myself.

Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queerly, but said nothing, and I thought the car would never get up town.

Thursday was my evening to call on Vene, and I forgot to send her an excuse. Friday, came a note from her, which mother took the liberty of opening, as she thought I would not care, and she felt like representing my wife at the desk. It was a tender missive and somewhat surprised me when I read it. But what could I do? Married men have no business getting tender notes from young ladies. Inasmuch as I had contracted to carry out mother's plan for two weeks, I left the note for mother to answer. She is a very truthful woman, but in answering the note she prevaricated.

She said I was very sick, and as a natural cause Vene called that afternoon to see me, but I was up town and mother had to invent another story. Then mother had to come all the way up town to prevent me from coming down my usual way for fear Vene might catch us.

I laughed a good deal at mother, and Vene did not find us out, but the society reporter of the paper met her; she told him I was sick, and the next day all my society friends came around, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but invited her to stay awhile.

"I suppose Mr. Silver is almost worn out with so much going out," said the young lady.

"He is much better," said mother, "but I don't think he will go out for several weeks, I think I shall keep him at home."

"I am so glad," said Miss Beaufort, "not that you are going to keep him at home, but that he is not going out so much. I am getting so I fairly detest society."

Here was a woman who had my mother's views, and they both thereupon, had a confidential talk, and pleased each other mightily.

Then she asked mother to call on her mother, which mother did.

Meanwhile I was staying at home every evening, and was getting pretty tired of it as the two weeks were drawing to a close.

"Don't you think a man ought to take his wife out once in a while?" said I to mother.

"Why not?" said she.

"Then I'll take her to the theater to-night." So I bought a couple of seats in the parquet for Saturday night, and mother, who represented my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before I noticed that they were adjoining those of Miss Beaufort and her mother. My mother was highly pleased and we changed seats so that I sat by Miss Beaufort, and my mother sat by her.

We went home together that night and laughed and talked a good deal.

I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort what we had been doing, but I did not hear it. I know that several days late after my two weeks of married life were over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort. We had a pleasant time together, and just as I was about to leave the old lady came in.

"I forgot to ask you, Mr. Silver, what you thought of married life?" said she.

Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but I laughed.

"Mother has been telling on me, has she?" said I.

"She has," said she.

"Well," said I. During the two weeks I was married I read three good books, gained four pounds in weight and saved $13.50, besides paying mother my wife's board and a ticket to the theater."

"And who were you married to?" asked Mrs. Beaufort.

"I forgot to look," said I. I hurried home to see who my wife had been. The envelope was just as I placed it in my desk drawer.

I tore it open and there was the name of Miss Beaufort.

"Well" said I, "mother made her in imitation wife, now I will try and make her a real one."

And so I did.

WALKING STICKS AND UMBRELLA HEADS.

How the Fashions Change From Year to Year---Novelties in Buckhorn and Silver Handles.

Within a stone's throw of the City Hall, in a basement, is situated a firm which manufactures a large number of the canes and umbrella handles sold in Brooklyn and New York. The industry is almost monopolized by Germans, many of whom learned the trade in their native land. A reporter talked with the senior member of the firm recently, who is a broad shouldered, good natured and intelligent German of 50 years. He said:

"I have been engaged in the manufacture of walking sticks and umbrella heads since I was 15 years of age. I was taught my trade in Germany. There one is obliged to serve an apprenticeship, as the trade in all its details is a difficult one to learn. The larger part of the wood used in the walking sticks made in this country comes from England. The favorite woods used are English hazel, olive, webthorn and snakewood. The last named wood comes from South America and is very valuable. The wood is received in the rough and is polished here. The polishing is a separate branch of the trade. Up to a few months ago this was the popular walking stick with fashionable young men and dudes."

At this point the cane man exhibited an enormous buckhorn handled cane, the stick of which was two inches in diameter. The head of the cane was of buckhorn and not quite a foot in length. To make the cane more attractive and salable a nickel band was placed at the base of the handle. These sticks can be bought for $1 each.

"These large sticks or miniature trees, as they are sometimes called," continued the cane manufacturer, "are slowly going out of fashion. They will be succeeded by natural handled sticks, of which there are many qualities. Of the woods from which natural handled sticks are made can be mentioned Florida oak, dogwood, thorn, English hazel, boxwood, apple, mulberry, diamond willow, orange, yahya, red gum, cedar, chestnut, hickory, pear and lignumvitae. There are many woods from which canes can be manufactured, but those mentioned above are the principal in use. Fashions change in canes as often as in hats. Some months ago the popular cane had a silver topped handle, but this kind of cane is not now fashionable. When the silver topped cane was all the rage a great fraud was perpetrated by unscrupulous dealers, who sold filled canes as solid ones. Silver topped canes bring as high as $10. Many of these canes were sold last winter which did not contain $2 worth of silver. The same fraud was practiced in the gold headed canes, which were sold at $15 and $18. This class of canes in many instances were heavily plated and will wear less than a year. But few of the common canes which sell for ten or fifteen cents are now manufactured. The popular taste is for expensive walking sticks. Formerly it made very little difference to a man what quality of cane he carried, but now handsome walking sticks are considered an important part of a gentleman's wardrobe."

"Of what kind of wood are the better class of canes made?"

"Ebony and rosewood are the stock woods. Aged and wealthy men prefer the woods named because of their strength and durability. Nothing is more handsome than a highly polished ebony stick with a gold head. Many men have everyday and Sunday sticks. The latter are of course, of dressy woods. Canes are also made of hard rubber and the backbones of sharks. Umbrella heads are made from natural woods, silver or gold and carved wood."

The origin of the walking stick is unknown. Canes during Biblical times were called staffs and rods and were used mainly by aged people. Before the walking stick came into vogue in England the nobility carried short canes to which were attached whips. It was considered a weakness for a man to be seen with a walking stick.

May-Bloom.

Oh, for You that I never knew!—
Now that the Spring is swelling,
And over the way is a whitening May,
In the yard of my neighbor's dwelling.

Oh, May, oho! do your sister's blow
Out there in the country grasses—
A-mocking the white of the cloudlet light,
That up in the blue sky passes?

Here in town the grass it is brown,
Right under your beautiful clusters;
But your sisters thrive where the sward's alive
With emerald lights and lustres.

Dream of my dreams! vision that seems
Ever to scorn my praying,
Love that I wait, face of my fate,
Come with me now a-Maying!

Soul of my song! all my life long
Looking for you I wander;
Long have I sought—shall I find naught,
Under the May-bushes yonder?

Oh, for You that I never knew,
Only in dreams that bind you!—
By Spring's own grace I shall know your face,
When under the May I find you!

LISA.

"Lisa!"

"Coming mein Herr!"

A demure little figure ran hastily down the narrow stairs and paused just above the landing, where stood a broad-shouldered American student.

"Lisa, how many times have I told you that I will not be called 'Mein Herr?' After all my lessons in English for nearly three months, you cannot say the simple word 'Grant'; it's discouraging, Lisa. It makes me feel that all my time has been thrown away. I may as well give it up!"

"Oh, Mr. Roberts! I'm sorry-aber, but what would mein vater say if he should hear me call you 'Grant?'"

"He hears me call you 'Lisa,' every day and does not object; now, if he were to hear me call you 'Liebchen,' then indeed! In fact, Lisa, I've been thinking it over this morning, and hereafter I shall call you 'Sweetheart.' That word has never been translated into your charming German tongue, so he won't understand if he does hear me use it; but you will, Lisa, won't you? Do you know what I mean when I say 'Sweetheart?'"

Lisa blushed and looked down. She might have run away, but her two hands were held fast, while Grant Roberts' quizzical, fond eyes were studying her face.

What should a simple German madchen know of the wiles of a gay young American? He had boarded with them for three months, ostensibly studying chemistry at the university, but really studying with much greater assiduity the grim professor's sweet little daughter. When he had been in the house a week he found himself comparing her with the girls he knew at home. They could laugh and jest with him. They could discuss the latest novel, and prophesy knowingly of the success of the Harvard boat crew. And how they could flirt! Lisa, dear little thing! could take excellent care of her father: could read English intelligently, though she dared not try and speak it; knew, in fact, twice as much as any American girl, Grant told himself; she was the worthy daughter of her learned father, in true German idiom. But dear little Lisa could not flirt. If, in their English conversations he thought it his duty to hold with her, he would strive to emphasize some points by a slight pressnre of the hand, she would color to the roots of her soft yellow hair and thoughtfully withdraw her fingers.

If he would sometimes call her "Lichen," as her father did, she would look reprovingly at him and not reply. If, in pretended indignation at such treatment, he would distinctly address her as "Fraulein," her eyes would fill and her lips quiver, but a stately "Herr Roberts" was her sign of displeasure. Dear little Lisa! How fond of her he was? How hard it would be to leave her?

All this flashed through his mind as he stood at the foot of the narrow stairs and looking teasingly at Lisa's blushes. She rallied in a moment and looked up saucily:

"Did you call me down to tell me this, Mr. Roberts?"

"Well, not altogether"—he replied with a laugh, "but you drove the more important matter out of my mind. I wanted to tell you that I am going to make you a bangle. Do you remember telling me about the English girl in the park who wore so many that she tinkled all over, like the woman at Banbury Cross? Well, see here." He drew from his pocket an old American three-cent piece. "I found this in my pocket this morning. Where it came from I have no idea, but I suppose it must have been given me by mistake with my change some day. Seems odd to see it over here. Such an old one, too; one side is worn perfectly smooth. I have bored a hole in it, and I shall scratch your initials on one side, and you must wear it on your watch chain to remind you of me, after I am gone."

After he was gone!

Lisa had been sitting on the stairs examining the bit of silver; at these last words she unconsciously rose to her feet. Never before had he spoken of going away. He had so fallen in with their simple life that to her he had become a part of it, and she had ceased to think of his leaving them.

"After he had gone!" What would she do then?

Silence for a moment. Had he spoken the words to try her? She grew pale, and the tears gathered.

"Elsa, sweetheart! Do not look so! I am not going—not going for a long time. Don't let's talk about it; only you will be sorry, liebchen, won't you?"

She tried to laugh and turned to run up the stairs, Roberts caught her hand. "Don't go—don't you want me to finish the bangle?" said he guilefully. But Lisa had gone, and he did not get a word with her again that day.

The next morning he walked slowly down to the post office, thinking still of Lisa. His careless words about leaving her and her emotion had, indeed, made him think more deeply than ever before. With truly youthful procrastination he had postponed the consideration of such an event till the hour came. The thought should not mar his happiness, and he had been happy. How his friends would laugh if they knew how he had spent the last three months. Lisa's father was too absorbed, too simple, to suspect the young man of any interest beyond chemistry and German. Little did he know of the series of "accidental" meetings Robert planned every day with his demure little daughter; each meeting an oppurtunity by no means to be neglected for English conversation. Roberts thought of it all, What would be the end, and when?

When, indeed, the end was nearer than he thought. He took a letter from the office and read:

MY DEAR SON—I know it will be a disappointment to you to give up your studies and the remainder of your trip, but I am sorry to tell you that I think you should be here. I am much alarmed about your father's health; he needs a complete rest and change. With a great deal of difficulty I have persuaded him to believe he can give up his business for the present, on condition that you will undertake it, as well as you can, under the circumstances. I am sure you will return at once, If all goes well, I promise you that you may finish your trip before another year."

Robert's face grew longer as he read. European travel and chemistry meant Lisa to him just now, and she had never seemed so dear and sweet as to-day; and he must go. Would he, if he could, take her with him? He paused. How would she compare with his home circle? Would he—would he ever be ashamed of her? He hated himself for the thought. No! she was lovelier, truer than any girl he knew. He rejoiced in her unlikeness to others; and Grant Roberts straightened himself proudly as he walked on. But would she go? Would she leave her father alone to cross the wide sea to another land? If not, still he must go. What should he do?

He stopped. Never in all his easy happy life had he known perplexity like this. Should he tell Lisa all and let her decide? But, if she should choose to go, how would his stately mother receive the little German daughter? And he had nothing of his own to offer her. Could he let her stay, an unwelcome guest under the family roof?

He must go alone, that was plain, but he would win his mother's consent, establish a place in his father's business, and return. Perhaps events would shape themselves in such a way that all would be plain before another year. And Lisa would be true, he was certain. Yes, he would bid her trust him and wait. And with the burden lightened Roberts again walked into the professor's narrow hall and called "Lisa!" and the voice from the regions above answered, "Coming mein Herr?" She came slowly, thinking of yesterday, and paused near the top.

"Did you call me, Mr. Roberts?"

"Come down into the parlor, Lisa, I have something to tell you." He was grave, and Lisa felt frightened. Was he going to scold her?

Roberts closed the door after her and paused: how could he tell her?

"Lisa, dear," he said soberly, "I have had a letter from home, and my mother wishes me to return at once." Silence; Lisa was white; her eyes a little wider; she clasped her hands and stood waiting. "I must go, for my father is ill; but dear, I will come back. You will trust me, sweetheart, won't you? Indeed I will come back!"

The blue eyes overflowed but the mouth was firm, and the hands clasped together, Grant could bear it no longer. His resolutions were forgotten. He threw his arms about her and murmured in her ears tenderer words than he had ever uttered or heard in his life.

Lisa wept quietly, and listened without a word; but Grant was satisfied; she understood; she would wait.

"Sweetheart," he said presently, "kiss me, and then I must go. I shall take the noon train. The sooner I go the sooner I shall return; you will help me?"

Lisa raised her head and gave the kiss with all her heart in it. "You must go," she said firmly, "but I know you will come back to me."

The hours flew by; his packing done, he rushed to the university, called the professor from his lecture and bade the bewildered man a hasty farewell, leaving him stunned by the rapid outpouring of explanations. An hour later he was gone, and Lisa knelt at her bedside clasping a bit of silver in her hand and sobbing out prayers for a safe voyage and a speedy return.

A long, low strip of yellow land to the right; that was Martha's Vineyard; a tiny speck ahead, that was Nantucket. Grant Roberts stood on the deck and stared absently into the blue water. He has changed in the three years since we saw him in Germany. He is broader and more manly in figure, but he looks weary and depressed. Heavy cares for those young shoulders have weighed upon them. His mother's letter recalled him just in time to receive from his father's lips a confused statement of an involved business before the older man, crushed by impending danger, sank into an insensibility which deepened into death.

Grant was left at the helm of what seemed a sinking ship, and he an inexperienced boy of twenty-two, whose business education had been confined to the knowledge how to cash a check. But a clear head and an intense determination to save his father's good name at last made him master of the situation; and now, in his first vacation, he could look back on three years whose experiences had been almost invaluable; in a business, smaller indeed than his father's, but firmly established, and with bright prospects.

Truly, he had earned a summer's rest, and as he stood looking at the dimpling water unconsciously his burdens stepped into its depths.

The steamer was rounding the point of Nantucket harbor as he shook off his reverie and looked about him.

To his right stood a tall red lighthouse; on either hand hundreds of small sail-boats; rising on a low hill, with its back to the sinking sun, lay the village.

On the wharf were crowds of people, excited over the sensation of the day—the arrival of the steamer.

They touched the pier; a shout, and a reply from the captain, and away ran the town crier, relic of by-gone days, his brass trumpet tucked under his arm, his wide hat-brim flapping in the wind, as he called in his cracked and stammering tones, "Two hundred an' fifty on the boat to-night! Two h—hun—dred and fifty!"

Nantucket indeed. It was all his fancy had pictured it. How peaceful it all was! Day followed day, and Roberts did not weary of the monotony. He bathed on the sunny beach and idled up to the odd little brown post office for the letters he did not care to read, and he thought. He had hardly had time to think before, in the hurry of the past, and now his thoughts went back to Germany and Lisa.

Did she remember him? Had she waited for him? Did he wish that she had? He loved her still, but—should he ever go to claim her?

Women had had no place in his life, of late; his thoughts of the past were tender, regretful, but he scarcely had looked forward to hope. But now it was different, and in the quiet how the past came back.

Munich, with its wide, paved streets; the early walks from the market, when he carried the heavy basket for Lisa, and laughed over the hard names of the cabbages and potatoes which she tried to teach him! He laughed again at the remembrance of his teasing stupidity, and at the sound a stranger looked at him with a kindly inquiring glance. He was sitting on the beach, tossing the sand idly from one hand to the other. There seemed nothing to smile at. The elderly lady drew a little nearer; she had watched this good-looking, silent, abstracted young man for days, and his loneliness determined her.

She raised her umbrella a little higher, and turned to her with a question about the tide.

Roberts looked up with the dazed expression of one whose thoughts are far away. "I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. She repeated her question, with a smile.

"The tide? I believe is still coming in. It is amusing to watch the bathers. My thoughts were far away just now, but I often look at those boys diving from the pier; there is even one young lady who 'takes a header,' every day."

He spoke with a cordial smile. Mrs. Cragie was becoming interested in this odd, young man, who confessed to his pleasure in watching a pretty girl dive, and sought no nearer acquaintance.

"It is amusing," said Mrs. Craige, "but I look at the water. My husband was a sea captain in the days of the Indian trade, and I have sailed with him over nearly all the waters of the globe. It all come back as I sit here. But I have seen you before," she went on more briskly. "For the last three days I have sat at the same table with you. Are you not tired of blueberries."

Roberts laughed. "Well, yes, but I prefer them to dried apple sauce, and there seems no alternative! It reminds me of the days of my boyhood, when I used to visit on my grandfather's farm. I've not had any since."

"I never touch it" said Mrs. Craige, with a shudder. "Did you ever notice that when several of us refuse it, we always have it in pie the next day! It's the old story repeated; the boy who wouldn't eat his crusts for supper had them put by for his breakfast."

"I think few have discussed the fact about the pie. Or at least they are not too dainty to decline. Nantucket air does not seem to bring dyspepsia."

"Dyspepsia!" said Mrs. Craige. "Don't talk of it; I am fully convinced that the seven devils cast out of Mary Magdalene were seven distinct attacks of dyspepsia!" And with that, she rose, and said she must go. It is dinner time for us both. I wonder whether you would be bored if I asked you to change your seat at the table for one by me. I am selfish, for I want you to defend me from the old maid school teacher who sits next me. She is ashamed of the profession and wants to appear girlish and inexperienced. She asked me one day if I should imagine that she was a teacher. I looked as surprised as possible, and said: 'No, I should not imagine that you ever saw the inside of a school room!' and since then, to my sorrow, she has been more friendly than ever."

Roberts said to himself that this old woman was delicious and accepted her kindly overtures with gratitude. From that day all was changed. Mrs. Craigie would not leave him to his solitude, and introduced him to all the charming girls she knew, but his indifference excited her curiosity and she decided that this young man had a story. The explanations came without her asking.

They sat on the beach one day when Roberts asked: "Is that a 'scalp string,' as I am told young ladies call them, Mrs. Craigie?" He pointed to a bunch of seals and charms at her belt.

"I might say of each of them: "Thereby hangs a tale," she replied, lifting them. "They came from all parts of the world, and each has a history. Not to go into details, this shell came from 'India's coral strand;' this is a tiger's tooth; I saw my husband shoot the beast. This is a precious stone of some value an Arab sheik gave my husband for a strange service. It is still uncut you see; this is a nugget of gold my brother dug in California, in the mine where he lost his life; and this is a bit of silver I found on the street in Munich, two years ago. An American three cent piece, you see, so old it is smooth on one side. It must have been worn as a bangle, for here is a hole. It was an odd place to find the coin and I always had a queer feeling about it that there was a story attached. Perhaps I shall know some day."

Roberts could not speak for a moment. Then he said hoarsely, "Mrs. Cragie, it is mine! May I have it?" The past rushed over him as his fingers closed on the coin; Lisa's sweet face, wet with tears, as he last saw it, rose before him. A sudden flash of inspiration showed him the weary, faithful heart, waiting—waiting for the lover who was to come back, but who never came. By and by he told the story briefly with wet eyes. And then, keeping the coin, he rose with determination.

"Mrs. Cragie, good-bye! I am going to her! I cannot thank you for all your kindness to me, and now, this ending; it is Fate—Providence! I shall take the noon boat for home, see my mother and tell her all; spend my vacation in a trip to Munich, and if I can, bring back Lisa, and you shall see us both."

The listless weary look was quite gone. Robersts was pale and excited. Mrs. Cragie rose without a word of expostulation at his haste.

"Go, my dear boy, and she will come back with you. Then bring her to me!"

Three weeks later the door of the professor's house in Munich opened softly and Grant Roberts stood again at the foot of the narrow stairs. For a moment he could not find his voice. What if she should be away—changed—dead! The fear almost made his heart stop. Gathering together his failing courage he called softly, "Lisa!"

A moment's pause no answer. Then a startled girlish face appeared at the top of the stairs.

Whose voice had she heard? There was no "Coming, mein Herr," to call forth rebukes this time. One cry of surprise and joy and Lisa ran, fell into the outstretched arms. The lost bit of silver, mourned so long, had been a talisman, and brought her lover home.

Quick.

Maolein is the Annamite word for "quick." And that is the name the French soldiers have given to General Negrier, who is at present looked upon as the most wideawake General in the French army. He commanded one of the brigades in the Tonquin expedition, and it was he who captured Bacninh. The commander-in-chief, Gen. Millot, came after him, much surprised to find the place already taken. Before that Negrier had sent three officers to report the fact to headquarters, but they did not succeed in reaching Millot's brigade. Uneasy at not hearing any news from General Negrier, General Millot sent Captain de Vignacourt in the direction of Bacninh. On coming close to the place he found a flag flying over one of the forts, but the fog was so thick that he could not see what flag it was. Turning in another direction he came upon another fort, and was surprised to find that the men did not fire upon him. He advanced and saw that they were French troops. He politely asked them if they would be good enough to inform him where he could find General Negrier.

"At Bacninh," was the reply. "He slept last night in the royal pagoda."

Vignacourt rode rapidly back, and arrived at General Millot's headquarters just as the officers were finishing their breakfast.

"Bacninh is taken," he cried, "Gen. Negrier has been there since yesterday evening."

General Millot was astonished, that some of the officers expressed dissatisfaction because Negrier did not wait for them to share the honor of taking the place. They said as much to General Millot, to whom they wished to give their sympathy for being late, but the General replied that he was delighted.

Negrier is described as a man whose face denotes great energy. He has splendid eyes and a nose like the beak of an eagle. His beard was thick and bushy, the color being a strange mixture of black and red. He is young and thin, and has the air of a General of the olden times.

The Masculine Fashion Reporter.

A young fellow just out of Yale had gone on a Western journal. He had taken the first work that offered, which happened to be "society reporting." He hated it, of course, and determined to get out of it as quickly as possible. So he wrote up the most extraordinary accounts of the parties and the clothes that he was assigned to observe. He didn't know a thing about dry goods and millinery and he made no effort at informing himself, but deliberately declared day after day for a fortnight that the bride or the belle of the wedding or party which he was detailed to "do" was dressed in "rep." Sometimes he called it "rep brocade," sometimes "rep francais" or "crepe rep," and he adorned these gowns of his fancy in the most surprising fashion. Like most men, he had a strong hold on the words "bias" and gore." These were his chief stock in trade, and the way he trimmed up women's clothes with biases and gores was convulsing. In an apparently serious account of the marriage of a millionaire's daughter he said: "The exquisite white rep costume of the bride was trimmed with a tablier of bias shirrs looped over the shoulder and a ruche of goring around the waist."

Of course, the thunder soon rattled about his ears. He was called before the city editor, who asked him what under the sun he meant by writing stuff about toilets that made all the society women of the city either angry or disgusted with the paper.

"I did my best, sir," said the Yale youth.

"I'd like to know what you expect me to do with you," growled the city editor; "my wife says any fool could write better stuff than that."

"I'm glad of that," replied the young man with a smile.

The city editor scowled at him an instant, then broke into a laugh. "I believe you've got mettle in you, youngster," he said; "I'll discharge you from doing society, and you can go over and try your hand at reporting the national convention to-morrow. You won't be able to impose any political blases and shirrs on me, and I think I'll hire a woman to do the millinery business."

The number of species of silk-producing insects is very large, probably more than two hundred, very few of which are of any practical value to mankind; on the contrary, that portion of the caterpillar family which unite their silken tissues to form a family tent have not only defied the ingenuity of man to unravel their handiwork, but have made his industry contribute to their support by foraging upon fruit-bearing and ornamental trees. The spider family, notwithstanding many attempts to rsel their beautifuls threads, still monopolize their products for purposes of locomotion and snares for unlucky insects.

If criminals are to be believed, none of them ever had an honest conviction.

A banker's vault, like a soldier, is good for nothing unless it will stand fire.

SHE HADN'T THE CHECK.

An Impatient Young Lady and an Obstinate Old Baggage-Master.

There are, perhaps, few places, where one may more easily study human nature in a variety of phases than at the railway stations, and there is perhaps no branch of human experience in which the ethereal vagaries of the feminine mind are more fully displayed than in the ingenuity shown in the invention of mistakes and wrong-headedness at the stations. I was recently the involuntary listener to a controversy between an exceedingly irate young woman and a baggage master, which may serve to illustrate what I mean. The young woman wished to claim a trunk which she said belonged to her, but the check for which had been thoughtlessly left in a handbag which a friend had taken down town shopping. The young woman, who was pretty, vivacious and of a remarkably intelligent expression, explained to the baggage master, and incidentally to a line of waiting people, half of whom were paying for the pleasure of hearing her artless tale by losing their respective trains, that she had come to town for a wedding; that she had had a gown manufactured especially for the occasion and that the gown was in the trunk in question.

"Of course," she explained lucidly, "it isn't as if I didn't want the dress to wear to-day, and then I had the check, you know; so it's all right."

"If you have the check it is all right," the baggage master replied, with some appearance, sufficiently ungallant, of considering that the conversation had continued as long as he had a right to monopolize the pretty young lady's attention; "but I can't give up trunks to anybedy that asks for them. You haven't anybody to identify you and you haven't any check."

"Oh, but Lucy has the check," she interrupted, dimpling and smiling, "and I'll send it to you to morrow. I said I'd send it down in the morning, and I can't do any better than that, for I shan't see Lucy till after breakfast, and you know I must have my dress before 3 o'clock."

Her interlocutor took a check over her shoulder from a hackman, and the vivacious lady explained all the circumstances to a strange, but a sympathetic old lady who had elbowed her way up to the window, so that when the unfortunate official came up again there were two women to tell him the facts in the case, and explain to him that the gown had really been made to wear that afternoon, and it was after 12 already, and that if Lucy hadn't gone off in such a hurry the owner of the trunk would, of course, have remembered the check, and that the important bit of metal should be sent down in the morning.

"And I know the number," the vivacious young damsel added, upon second thought, as a clinching argument; "or at least I know it began with seven, and there were three numbers."

I feel very positive that the baggage master would have yielded, in time. No man could endure such a siege long; especially as the young woman, reinforced by the sympathetic old one, pretty effectually blocked the window, and stopped the entire business of the department of inner baggage, at a busy time of day. Fortunately for all concerned, however, at this stage of the controversy, a flurried and dishevelled young lady appeared on the scene, and made her way through the crowd as only a young woman and a fire-engine can.

"Oh, Florence," she gasped, thrusting forward the missing check, "I got clear up to Winter street before I found it, and I took a herdic and came tearing back, and I knew what an awful fix you'd be in, and if you hadn't got your dress, I'd never have forgiven myself."

She stopped from sheer want of breath, and her friend fell upon her with incoherent but satisfactory expressions of rapture, while the sympathetic old lady glared through her wide spectacles at the offending baggage master, to remind him that he was taken, as it were, red-handed in a crime against all that was highest in individual rights, and remarked, with biting emphasis: "There, now, I hope you are satisfied, after all the fuss you have made and the time you have kept all these folks waiting."

Personally I felt that a collection ought to be taken up for the much-abused baggage master, but he had so strong an air of being perfectly used to this sort of thing, that I concluded, upon the whole, that it was hardly necessary to press this point.

Speaking of the present standard gauge of railroads in the United States, President Felton of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad says, "There is no scientific or any other reason for it, except precedent or custom. In fact, all the scientific or practical considerations that can enter into the question are against it. When Mr. Stephenson built his first locomotive, he for some reason best known to himself built it to the gauge of the old tramways—for vehicles drawn by horses—in England, which was four feet eight and a half inches. That became what was known as the 'narrow gauge' in England, and was naturally followed in this country to a very great extent. Some of our roads have a gauge of four feet eight and a half inches, others four feet eight and three-quarter inches, and still others four feet nine inches. In England they have a six-foot 'broad' gauge, and at one time, for a very little while, tried a seven-foot gauge. The Erie road, built originally by English capital, was at first a six-foot gauge, but in 1876 the changing of it to four feet eight and a half inches was begun, and now it is all of that gauge. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company uses a gauge of four feet nine inches, because that is a comprise gauge between the former gauge of four feet eight and a half inches on the Eastern lines and four feet ten inches on its roads west of Pittsburgh. It would be well if the four feet eight and a half inches gauge could be widened a little, to enable greater width of the fire boxes of locomotives, and consequently more powerful engines, such as it would be desirable to employ."

SLIMY SNAKES.

Persistent Bores and Disgusting Visitors.

One Sunday afternoon while walking in his plantain garden, deeply engaged in thought, a gentleman here was not a little astonished to have a large snake spring from between his feet and glide into one of the small buildings attached to the place. It had been engaged in swallowing a toad and seemed as startled as the Sahib himself. The latter calling for help instituted a chase. It took some courage to enter this small room as it was not known to what species the reptile belonged. Armed with a new American axe and a bamboo cane, the hunt progressed for a few moments, during which the snake sprang several times seemingly its full length into the air, making futile attempts to escape. The axe came off conqueror and it was found to be a Dhaman, measuring seven feet seven inches in length. This kind of snake has no fangs, belongs to the coluber order, and "kills with its tail," so the natives say. It is known to be destructive to cattle, in the nostrils of which it insinuates its tail and then draws it forth with violent abrasion.

It is no strange sight to find in the morning a cast-off skin of some snake on the lattice which protects one's window, or twisted about over a bit of terrace wall or on one's pet rockery, which, by the way, is a most dangerous form of a flower-garden as it affords shelter for snakes, lizards, centipedes and scorpions innumerable. A few days ago I found one of these sloughs of a cobra, seven feet in length, but I presume it was longer for being empty, for while it is common to hear of a five foot cobra, one seldom hears of one being six feet. Not many days have passed since the following occurred: One stormy evening a door being heard to slam one of our family went in the dark to close it. This time, not from any odor but from a feeling of instinct taught by experience, our friend stoped with one foot raised, and called for a light. The light was brought (for we do not have gas) and revealed a green, triangular-headed viper, just ready to strike, with its ivory white fangs, which at the time seemed immensely long. The reptile was struck down and held firmly with one stick until a second could be brought. Meanwhile the deadly but still pretty creature was writhing about the cane which held it, biting and tearing its own flesh. The strange fact which Dr. Weir Mitchell made known to the world in 1868, that a poisonous "snake cannot poison itself," is no less strange because true. One evening sending a servant to hunt for a pair of missing scissors, we were not much surprised to have him soon run in breathlessly saying: "Come sahib! a snake a snake!" On investigation we found that in looking in a corner for the missing article, instead of seeing the looked-for scissors he saw the bright bead-like eyes of a snake called Ratra (night) looking into his. It is a pretty snake, being of a seal brown color crossed by crescent bands of white, while the belly is a beautiful red. The name may not seem definite, but is given to it by the natives, who say it is found at night, hence the name. It was only the next day that the baby of the house was found amusing itself by rolling a jack fruit back and forth over a Ratra which was close to its feet. These are possessed of fangs, so of course are not harmless. A few nights later, just as I was about to step into bed, something told me not to move my raised foot, so carefully reaching for the lamp and looking under my foot there I beheld a great scorpion, which after death measured five inches as one would lie or stand at ease if alive. One night after supper as the butler removed a child's tray there was disclosed to view a wicked little scorpion underneath, which might have inflicted a painful wound had the child put his fingers under the edge. That very evening as the family were about to have evening worship another scorpion, probably a twin brother, came running rapidly toward a pair of tender little bare feet. Whether eating, sleeping or praying there is danger from these creatures. In the cool, shadowy depths of baby's sponge the wicked though small scorpion finds a comfortable retreat. A few months ago I found a grown scorpion, and put it into an empty bottle. It was forgotton for a few days. When examined, alas! where there had been only one there were 28! But this rapidity of increase is offset by its bitter enmity toward all others of its own kind. They seem, too, to be devoid of natural affection, the offspring destroying their own mother. The centipede is not an infrequent visitor About the size of a man's finger it is composed of alternate links of brown and white numbering in all eighteen or twenty links, making an entire length of seven inches. Each link is furnished with a pair of red legs, and the round head and feelers too are of the same bright color. The bite is usually fatal unless remedies are applied at once. Surely the promises in the ninety-first psalm are fulfilled to those in this land who have made the Lord their habitation.

—Three wheelmen expect to start from New Orleans for Boston, and make the whole distance—1600 miles—by easy stages, on their bicycles, in 30 days. Each man will carry 10 pounds of baggage, including arnica and court-plaster.

A FEW HEALTH HINTS.

DR. OSWALD MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS THAT ARE TIMELY.

Spain's Popular Remedy for Sunstroke—Prejudice Against Drinking Fresh Water in Hot Weather—Caloric Food—Loss of Blood—Cure for Lockjaw.

In the seaport towns of southern Spain, sunstrokes are as common as chilblains in Canada, and the popular remedy is both simple and efficient. A thick linen bandage is wrapped around the head and kept saturated with cold water, "pot sacar el fuego," as they call it—"to draw out the fire." Every two minutes or so, the water is renewed, till the patient has recovered sufficiently to sit up and continue cooling his temples with a wet sponge. I have never known that method to involve any injurious after effects, and believed that its employment would often break the incipient symptoms of climatic fevers, though the popular prejudice against the influence of cold in all its forms may recommend less rational specifics, bleeding, for instance, which at best exchanges a momentary stupor for a week-long languor, and liability to relapses.

PREJUDICE AGAINST FRESH WATER.

But it seems less easy to account for the egregious obstinacy of the prejudice against fresh water as a beverage for healthy persons under the influence of excessive heat. A soldier reaching his noon-day camp in a shady grove, a wayfarer halting at a public well, a boy returning from a butterfly chase, are sure to be warned against the disastrous effects of cold water "drank in the heat" "Wait till you cool off." "Take a drink of coffee first." "You'll catch your death at that old spring," etc. Yet even the popular night-air dread is not more utterly gratuitous. We might as well be asked to believe that a way worn foot traveler must not risk to sit down without first resting a few minutes in a standing position. We might as well warn a drowsy child against shutting both eyes at once at the risk of falling asleep too abruptly. The truth is that a drink of cold water is healthiest when the system is most urgently in need of it, and at no other time the stomach more readily forgives the abruptness of sudden repletion. Only drunkards and persons whose digestive organs have been debilitated by long abuse risk the least unpleasant consequences from a free indulgence in the most natural of all diluents and refrigerants.

But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that previous exposure to excessive heat increases the danger of surfeiting the system with caloritic food; that pork eaten in quantity after a warm day's work often results in a deliquium equaling the worst symptoms of cholera morbus. Greasy ragouts become more indigestible in summer; a quantum of suet pudding, which at other times would produce only a slight heartburn, has in sultry weather to be expiated by a fit of distressing costiveness. Tourists on returning from a dog's-day excursion, or farmers after a sweltering harvest day, should therefore confine themselves to moderate quantities of food, and if possible abstain for a meal or two from all heat-producing viands. A jelly pudding with cold milk and sugar, or a plateful of cold fruit and cakes will abundantly satisfy the demands of nature, which on such days are never exorbitant. The feeling of oppressive heat, in fact, diminishes all appetites except the desire for refrigeration.

AN EXHAUSTING LOSS OF BLOOD.

The appetite for solid food is also remarkably reduced by an exhausting loss of blood, while the craving for fluids is at the same time increased. On the day after the capture of Orizaba, they brought me a Mestizo, who had been struck by a piece of a shell and found stunned and almost exsanguis, the hemorrhage having been stopped only by the coagulation of the blood in his hair. After bandaging the sore, which after all was only a scalp wound, I turned him over to my landlord with the request to send for a dozen oranges and a gallon of nieve, or crushed ice. Out of those ingredients and a lot of water and sugar my host brewed a pailful of sherbet, and entering the sick-room towards evening was appalled to find that his guest had put himself outside the entire contents of the pail. I succeeded in moderating his apprehensions, but half an hour after he came back in a state of still greater amazement. When he sent the children with several platefuls of tid-bits from the supper table, the Mestizo had declined to partake, but asked for another quart of that "cold syrup." "Won't it give him his death of cold or a dropsy?" "No danger, if he is thirsty." "Can he live if he don't eat?" "Yes, if he isn't hungry." My host shook his head; but the next morning our guest left the house with a firm step, smoking a cigarette, as if nothing had happened.

Moisture, in the form of a vapor-bath is an excellent remedy for tetanus, or lockjaw The immobility of the jaw is only the culminative symptom of a complaint which might be defind as a rigor of the upper motor muscles. The affection begins with a peculiar stiffness in the back part of the neck, rendering every sideward motion of the head painful or even impossible; before long the cramp-like sensation extends to the spine; the patient feels impelled to bend forward to relieve the strain on the shoulder muscles; headaches and a feeling of general numbness beget a disposition to sleep, and on awakening from a fitful nap the teeth feel set as firmly as those of a powerful steel trap. The patient leans his head on his clutched fist, while spasms of the neck muscles often beget a sensation as if the hinges of the jaw bones were mechanically rivetted, and could be moved only by a breaking force if not by a miracle. Yet a steam bath, or even a wet pack in sheets drenched with warm water, is generally sufficient to accomplish that miracle. The combined influence of warmth and moisture seems to relax the rigor of the muscles; first the spine, and by-and-by the neck and jaws feel the relief, and by continual friction the danger of a relapse can be obviated for a quarter of an hour, after which the abnormal symptoms will be reduced to a lingering numbness, as after a stunning fall.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald in Home and Farm.

Not To Be Considered an Omen.

A superstitious subscriber, who found a spider in his paper, wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely looking over the columns of the paper to see what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his store door and be free from disturbance.—Plattsmouth Journal.

A Long While Finding It Out.

He was a Dutch barber on a coroner's jury and after sitting quietly for an hour during the inquest, arose, peered into the face of the corpse, and then, turning to the rest of the jury, said: "Mein Gott, dot man ish dead!"

One of the Most Honest.

One of the most honest of manufactures is the fire-cracker. No boy ever found a bad one in his pack. They are made exclusively, it is said, by Chinese convicts.—The Current.

MAKING STEEL GUNS.

THE WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.

How the Death-Dealing Monsters Are Fabricated—The Work of Putting on a "Jacket"—The Rifling and Sighting—Enormous Weight of the Guns.

The fabrication of heavy steel rifle guns is a very delicate operation. A gun weighing thousands of pounds must be constructd with all the care and exactness of a chronometer or any delicate mathematical instrument. Some of the work is done under the magnifying glass as carefully as a jeweler would work up a watch. The guns are marvels of workmanship. The first thing that strikes one on entering the buildings with their dirt floors and great internal space up to the high gabled roof is the massive and ponderous character of the work. Everything about seems heavy. The cannon lay on lathes like base ball bats being turned out—only the lathes are ponderous and the bats are immense steel tubes, weighing thousands of pounds, beside which a man seems too small to cope with it. This is where the guns are "assembled"—that is, put together—made. The steel is brought here in the rough, is tried by tests most delicate and tests most severe, is bored and smoothed and put together and worked into the finest and most effective steel breech-loading rifle guns.

There is now lying in the shop one of the eight-inch guns, all finished and perfect, ready to ship to Annapolis to be fired, and the work on the ten-inch guns is well advanced. The finished guns are smooth and bright like immense steel needles. They are ready to weave a thread of fire through plates of solid steel. One of the great needs of the department is means of moving the heavy guns from one shop to another. At present this is done by means of cranes and hand cars, but this is attended with many difficulties. When the ten-inch gun, weighing 55,000 pounds, is placed on two of the little cars and distributed over only twenty-seven feet of track, the track sometimes sinks under the pressure.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

The steel of which these are fabricated—or "assembled," as they call it—is brought here in the rough, and is worked up to the highest perfection of modern ordnance. The work is all done with great exactness by plans and drawings. The steel tube, which is the ground work of the gun, is received from the Midvale steel works, and is here bored and turned out and then sent back to Midvale for oil tempering. When it is returned to the Washington yard it is bored again and then it is placed on a lathe, the center being found on each end, and is turned to a finished exterior diameter. The "jacket" is received in rough—that is, in a cylindrical mass—from the same works. Is is rough bored here. Sometimes it is sent back to Midvale for an oil bath; sometimes not.

The work of putting the "jacket" on this steel warrior is a very delicate operation, and one very interesting to watch. The "jacket" is put in a fire made of pine wood, and is heated sufficiently to remove a portion of the shrinkage, and it is then bored to the length and diameter of the drawing. It is then "star-gauged," and is ready to be placed on the tube. The tube is placed on end, like a needle on its point. The "jacket" is then heated sufficiently to expand it about .03 larger than the tube on its interior diameter. The greatest care has to be taken to get just the right temperature. When sufficiently heated the jacket is slipped upon the tube and clamped. It is first cooled at the point nearest the muzzle by means of a gentle stream of water. As it cools it clasps the tube, welding itself there. The hoops of variously tempered steel marked "D, E, F, G" are slipped upon the tube. After that the "A, B, C" hoops are put on. During this process there is various turning and working down. The chamber is bored, the trunnion band put on and the screw box fixed. After this the gun has to be bored again. Next comes the rifling, which requires skill and care.

AN IMMENSE STEEL TUBE.

In the first shop the reporter entered several men were working upon one end of an immense steel tube, which was hot and upon which they were pouring small streams of water. It was the big ten-inch gun upon which the men were just putting his "jacket."

Next to the gun was a graceful steel tube, turning slowly on a lathe, while a man with a sharp instrument pared off long, slender curls of cold steel. An officer stood by with a large magnifying glass, examining the smooth surface with great care as it revolved before him. No watchmaker ever watched his work more closely. The works of a watch do not require more care and exactness. The reporter looked through the tube. Through its entire twenty-seven feet of bore the light shone as on a mirror; the twisting grooves were a marvel of exactness.

Then comes the sighting. To do this the gun is leveled on blocks and secured. Squares are adjusted at the breech and in the muzzle, and a thread is so drawn as to represent a line perallel to the axis on the top surface and along its course from breech to muzzle face, tangent with the surface at trunnion band, and so marked for the center trunnion sight; also at the point for the breech sight. From the axle lines are laid off by squares on the left trunnion the point for the trunnion sight, which is screwd into the trunnion. The trunnion is the band near the balance center, by which the gun is swung to the carriage. This is only a bare outline of the work done; the details are minute and technical.

The weight of the guns is something enormous; the fives weigh 6,200 pounds, the sixes 11,000, the eights 28,000, the tens, 55,000, and the ten-and-a-half 80,000. The ten-inch gun throws a 500 pound projectile ten miles and burns 250 pounds of power at a charge. The tensile strength of the metal of which the guns are made is 75,000 pounds to the square inch. The penetrative power at 500 yards is one and a third times the diameter of the projectile. The number of hoops on the gun increases with its size. The estimated cost of making the guns is, running from the fives to the tens, $3,500, $9,500, $15,000 and $19,000.—Washington Star.

The Revolver Conspicuous.

The era of the revolver is still continuing in Paris, and the impunity with which the deadly weapon is carried about and frequently used with telling effect is suggestive of the wild freedom of Colorado. Miniature Colts and Derringers are sold in the gunsmith shops at prices which come within the means of the merest schoolboy. The consequence is, that the collegian or gavroche apes his elders in the perilous art of settling amatory or other disputes by the bullet.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Caught a Bug in His Mouth.

The tenor in one of our church choirs had his equanimity somewhat disturbed one Sunday evening by a large pinch bug flying in his mouth while he was in the middle of rendering a beautiful musical selection. The hard-winged specimen was expelled with great velocity, and died an untimely death, not, however, before he had considerably marred the effect of the anthem.—Saginaw News

FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

J. C. BRACHBILL.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

Now open with the most complete stock of Furniture and Bedding in the county.

The stock is all new and personally selected from the leading Eastern and Western furniture centers.

Prices are the Very Lowest

--- You can not afford to buy elsewhere.

All goods guaranteed as represented.

Special attention given to packing and shipping by rail road.

Correspondence in regard to goods promptly answered.

J. C. Brachbill,
High Street, Bellefonte.
(Near P. R. R. Depot.) mar17

BRING YOUR

PRODUCE— —PRODUC
PRODUCE
RODUCE— —PRODUC

TO

A. C. MOYER & BRO'S
C. MOYER & BRO'S

NEW STORE,

BELLEFONTE,
—Next Door to—
—POSTOFFICE,—
and get the

LOWEST PRICES, LOWEST PRICES
ON ALL KINDS OF

:-:GROCERIES:-:

WOOD— AND —WILLOW

WARE.

WE GUARANTEE OUR PRICES ON

TEAS, COFFES, SUGARS

TO BE LOWER AND BETTER
THAN ANY STORE IN CENTRE COUNTY
IN FINE GROCERIES WE
CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
GIVE US A TRIAL
AND BE CONVINCED.

SOAPS

.....OF ALL KINDS, AND LOW IN PRICE.....

We make a specialty of furnishing picnics with confectioneries, nuts, bananas, etc., at lower rates than any other party in the county.

WE SELL GOODS FOR PRODUCE THE SAME AS CASH.

12may3m

VAST IMPROVEMENT IN
Family Bibles.

Two Bibles in one volume hereafter for the price of one. Just issued, our new and magnificent parallel contrasted columns, old and new revised versions Family Bible. The most gorgeous and superbly illustrated and illuminated edition ever published on the globe. Low prices genuine, canvas binding. Liberal terms to AGENTS WANTED. Write and state clearly intentions and we will. Great new departure for Bible agents who have exhausted their fields on old style editions. Act quickly and get ahead of all others this year. 14apr6m SCAMMEL & COMPANY, Box 7601 Philadelphia.

H. K. HICKS & BRO. H. K. HICKS & BRO.

—BELLEFONTE, PENN'A,—
—DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Oils, Paints,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

FREIGHT MUST BE LOADED AT BELLEFONTE BY 10 A. M.
EXPRESS ANY TIME UP TO TRAIN TIME.
COME TO SEE US.

We have the largest stock at the lowest prices of any store in our line of business in Centre county. Now that you have a Railroad through the valley and Telephone Connection direct to our store, it will more than pay you to order from us. We guarantee prompt shipments and the lowest prices for the best goods. When you can save money you will certainly take advantage of this opportunity. H. K. HICKS & BRO.

Our Positive TERMS ARE CASH. THIRTY DAYS TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES.

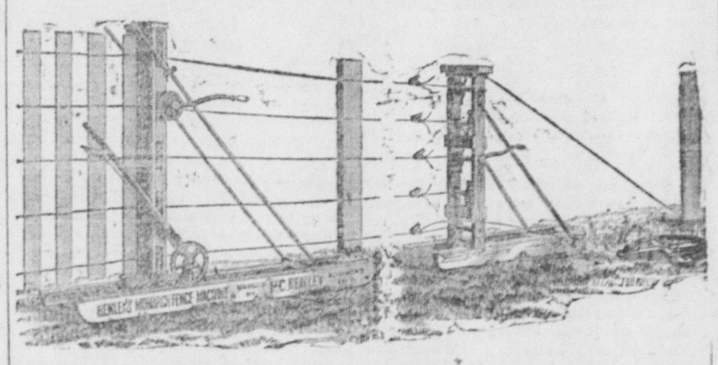
Remember the only agency for the SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOWS.

Glass, ——— ——— Iron,

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES
STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

H. K. HICKS & BRO. aprly H. K. HICKS & BRO.

THE IMPROVED
HENLEY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE.

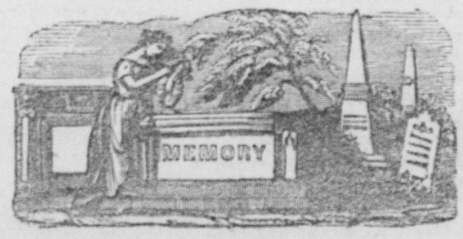


COMMON SENSE REASONS WHY THE IMPROVED
HENLY * MONARCH * FENCE * MACHINE
IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory, address,
SHIRES & KENNEDY,
Sole Agents for Penn'a, CENTRE HALL, PA.
9jun3m

: : : : Centre Hall Marble Works. : : : :



H. G. STROHMEIER

—IS PREPARED TO FURNISH—

All —Work— Warranted

Monuments, Graveston'es AND Buildingwork etc., etc., etc.,

To —Give— Satisfact'n

IN THE NEWEST AND HANDSOMEST DESIGNS WORKED OUT OF THE

Best Marble

AT SHORT NOTICE.

Please call and examine my material and learn my prices before purchasing elsewhere.
21mar3m

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

FOR MEN ONLY

PROF. HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES.

A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Physical Decay in Young or Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases they absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down men to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health.

To those who suffer from the many obscure diseases brought about by Indiscretion, Exposure, Over-Brain Work, or too Free Indulgence, we ask that you send us your name with statement of your trouble, and secure TRIAL PACKAGE FREE, with Illust'd Pamphlet, &c.

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY TRADE MARK

VIGOROUS HEALTH

Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles, and all Quacks, whose only aim is to bleed their victims. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism restored. The wasted animating elements of life are given back, the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and health.

TREATMENT.—One Month, $3. Two Mos. $5. Three, $7

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g CHEMISTS, 306½ N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Residence on Main street. Office on 2d floor of Harper & Kreamer's store building. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14apr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

FRENCH'S HOTEL.

City Hall Square, - - New York.
Opposite City Hall and the Post Office.

This Hotel is one of the most complete in its appointments and furniture of ANY HOUSE in New York City and is conducted on the
—EUROPEAN PLAN.—
Rooms only One Dollar per day. Half minute's walk from Brooklyn Bridge and Elevated R. R. All lines of cars pass the door. Most convenient Hotel in New York for Merchants to stop at. Dining Rooms. Cafes and Lunch Counter replete with all the luxuries at moderate prices. jun1y

SECOND TO NONE IN GROP VALUE.

This is not a new thing, but it is an established fact warranted by years of severest field tests in competition with the highest priced goods offered in the American market. A bold assertion, isn't it? Farmers say it is true, and they know.

COATESVILLE, PA., Feb. 4th, 1886.
"Replying to your inquiry in regard to Baugh's $25 Phosphate, would say: I have used it myself and seen it used alongside of higher-priced phosphates, with just as good and lasting results. I have always heard it spoken of, by parties who have tried it thoroughly, as one of the best in the market, regardless of price, and would recommend all farmers to use it. I consider it greatly superior to Acidulated Rock, as it not only gives quick returns but improves the soil."
WILLIAM MOORE.

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE
ACTIVE, PERMANENT, CHEAP
ANIMAL BONE MANURE.

THE ORIGINAL Manufacturers of RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE

BAUGH & SONS
Only Manufacturers,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

New Arrival of Goods
AT NEW STORE !
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER
Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of the Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS.
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken and Highest Market Prices Paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The best Cough Cure you can use,
And the best preventive known for Consumption. It cures bodily pains, and all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at $1.00.

HINDERCORNS
The safest, surest, quickest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, Warts, Moles, Callouses, &c. Hinders their further growth. Stops all pain. Gives no trouble. Makes the feet comfortable. Hindercorns cures when everything else fails. Sold by Druggists or by mail, 15c. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

Furniture! Furniture!
M'CORMICK BRO.,
(Successors to W. R. Camp.)
CENTRE HALL, PENN'A,
Offer the finest and largest stock of
FURNITURE
ever brought to Centre Hall,
Prices to Suit the Times.
Come and examine stock and learn prices.
We keep all furniture usually found in a
FIRST CLASS FURNITURE STORE

UNDERTAKING
A SPECIALTY.
COFFINS, CASKETS, SHROUDS
BURIAL ROBES, &c.,
kept in stock.
Funerals Attended
With the Finest Hearse in the County.
17janly

AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Active, honest persons all over the country, with or without team.

John R. Dodge, Jr., Jeweler, Normal, Ill., writes: "You ask what I think of the Washer I bought last summer. Sir, It is the best machine ever invented by man. Sir, We have just as good dinners on Monday as on any other day. Sir, If you run short, you can not buy ours for $100."
Mrs. Roark, of St. Joseph, Ill., writes: "I would not take $50 for mine. My washing was on the line at 8 o'clock this morning."
Mrs. G. Jerome, St. Ignace, Mich., writes: "Formerly it took the washerwoman from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m.; now from 7 a. m. to 10:30 a. m."
Mrs. A. W. Meeson, of Longview, Tex., writes: "It is a treasure. It makes the white help independent of the colored washerwoman."

I will ship a sample to three desiring an agency on a week's trial on liberal terms. To those without capital, who can prove themselves trustworthy, I will furnish machines to fill their orders, my money to be paid after delivery. Write for particulars. J. WORTH, Box 1923 New York City

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS AND FLIRTING

15 CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY of THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

It gives the LANGUAGE and Sentiment of Every Flower and Shrub, 3000 different kinds. Also all the Known Rules of Flirtation with Glove, Parasol, Handkerchief and Fan. It is the most complete work of the kind ever published. Send Fifteen Cents in stamps for a sample copy, also our price to agents. Agents wanted everywhere. Ad.

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 17 North Tenth Street, Philad'a, Pa.

OUR SINGER THIS STYLE $17
15 DAYS' TRIAL.
A Full Set of Attachments.
5 Years. WARRANTED
Send for Circular.
E. C. HOWE & CO.,
122 N. 6th St., Phila., Pa.

SHINGLES! SHINGLES
—AND—
FARM IMPLEMENTS.

The undersigned has engaged in the manufacture of
—ALL—
—GRADES OF SHINGLES,—
at the mill at M'Cool's crossing, near Spring Mills. Also has opened a ware room at Spring Mills for the sale of all kinds of
Farm Implements
and is agent for the WALTER A. WOOD BINDER, and dealer in Binder Twine
Bargains offered in Shingles and Implements. Call and see
WM. F. KRUMRINE,
23apr6m Spring Mills

NEW OPENING

THEO. DESCHNER

OF THE

—BELLEFONTE—

GUN WORKS

AND HEADQUARTERS FOR

sporting Goods.

One door below LYON'S STORE,

Bellefonte, where you find everything in the line of

GUNS, —— PISTOLS

AMMUNITION,

FISHING LINES & RODS, HOOKS,

and all kinds of

FISHING TACKLE. CANES, FLAGS,

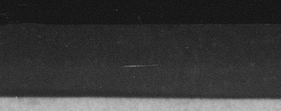
FIRE-WORKS, &c.

JUST OPENED. CALL AT

DESCHNER'S

FOR YOUR SPORTING GOODS.

5may3m



TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL P. KELLER & Co. Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

$2.50 Did It.

The persons named below had spent thousands of dollars in the aggregate to get relief from Rheumatism, but all to no purpose, until they tried the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE, which costs two dollars and fifty cents. They say it quickly and completely cured them, and that they have since had no return of Rheumatic trouble.

We publish a little pamphlet (sent free to any address) giving their testimony just as they gave it to us; but if you have any doubts about the matter, write any of these Relieved Rheumatics, and get an expression from them:

J. D. WHITE, Bloomsburg, Pa.
SAMUEL BURNS, of Bausman & Burns, Lancaster, Pa.
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, Lancaster, Pa.
WILLIAM SEMPLE, Alleghany, Pa.
T. D. MIDDLETON, Bedford, Pa.
H. C. PORTER, Cherry Hill, Md.
R. M. KINSLOW, Newton Hamilton, Pa.
COL. D. THROBALD, Youngstown, Ohio.

The Russian Rheumatism Cure has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has given it a fair trial.

ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

Price $2.50. If mailed 10c. additional. If registered 10c. more.

Be sure this special trade-mark is on every box.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COLDS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

SAM JONES' SERMONS

In the principal cities, with History of His Life and Sermons by Sam Small, his Co-laborer.

ONLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

Most remarkable and intensely interesting and amusing engravings ever seen in a book.

ONLY FULL AND AUTHENTIC EDITION.

The first complete reports ever printed. Greatest book sensation of the day. Tremendous demand. No book ever before like it. AGENTS WANTED. Popular low down prices. Write for terms, or, to secure agency quick, send 75 cents in stamps for full outfit.

1apr4m STANDARD BOOK CO.,
612 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A PROA-LOAD OF PIRATES.

Utility of Broken Pop-Bottles in Discomfiting the Enemy—Flung Overboard.

The voyage had been long and the crew and passengers were English; they had consumed liberally of bottled beer, and the empty bottles were lying in barrels in one of the store-rooms attached to the cabin. "Bring up the bottles and break them over the deck," said the missionary's wife. The captain "caught on" to the suggestion, and very quickly the bottles were scattered and smashed, so that the deck was covered with broken glass from the very farthest point of the bows as far back as the entrance to the poop-cabin. Everybody was heavily booted for the occasion, and therefore could walk around with little danger. The Malays go barefooted all their lives, and the glass promised to make a serious interference with their locomotion. Some pigs of lead were placed near the bows on either side. Two sailors were detailed to pitch these missiles into the proa when she came alongside, in the hope of smashing her frail bottom, and having done so they were to run aft and join the rest of the party of defenders.

The pirates came on according to their usual custom and swarmed over the bows. Some of the foremost were brought down by the muskets in the hands of the brig's people, but a great many more were leveled by the broken glass. One of the pigs of lead was well aimed and fell into the proa, smashing a hole that kept her occupants busy to save her from sinking. The pirates crowded on board with great rapidity; those behind pushed the foremost ahead, and none of them comprehended the new enemy they were dealing with until too late. The broken glass cut their feet, and they feel to the deck; and as they writhed and twisted about in their effort to rise they were lacerated more and more. Not one of them got further aft than amidship, and all the forward part of the deck was literally covered with wounded Malays. In five minutes it was plain to see that the assailants had got the worst of it, and the brig's people would have things their own way. The fire of the muskets was directed to the leaking proa, which was thus compelled to retire to a safe distance; looking astern, the captain saw a breeze approaching, and very soon the sails of the brig filled, and she began to forge ahead.

The captain requested the missionary and his wife to retire to the cabin, promising to call them in case they were wanted, though he didn't think their presence would be needed for any of the subsequent proceedings. The proa was soon put far astern and then the crew were put to work to rid themselves of their uninvited and unwelcome visitors. "I didn't want 'em to suffer with the pain of the salt water in their wounds," said the captain afterward in telling the story, "and so I had each of them knocked in the head with a handspike before he was flung overboard. Besides, I thought it was too good a tip for 'em to be telling the other pirates so that they'd wear shoes the next time they boarded an English ship."—Thomas W. Knox in Chicago Times.

Ginger Drunkenness an Old Story.

Georgia newspapers have drawn attention to the fact that Jamaica ginger has become quite popular as a beverage since the Prohibitionists captured the state, and the ginger drunkard is becoming an institution.

The Hotel Mail says that while to the average citizen the above item may appear incredible, to the hotel steward it is an old, old story; the ginger drunkard is an old acquaintance. Sometimes it is the yard man or a waiter who applies for "just a leetle ginger!" but his best customers are among the female employes of the hotel, and the constant demand on the store-room for a "few drops" of ginger amounts in the aggregate to no small item of expense.

The effects of ginger on an habitual partaker is much the same as the continual use of morphine, and the same cunning exists in the manner of procuring it, and the peculiar ghastly complexion produced by the use of morphine is invariably present in the ginger drunkard.

The disease is more prevalent among scrub women and laundry girls than chambermaids, but when it does attack one of the latter class she will satisfy her craving by drinking the cologne found in the rooms of absent patrons rather than make too frequent demands on the housekeeper or steward for ginger. One unfortunate girl drank a mixture of Worcestershire sauce and alcohol for months, after having been refused a daily morning nip of Jamaica ginger, and the strangest part of her story was she was one of the best workers in the hotel and had no other vices.—Exchange.

The Young Man Stood the Test.

It takes a good deal to squelch the ardor of a young man whose lady's fond, whispered "yes" is still ringing in his ears, tingling his finger tips and filling his whole being with an indescribable ecstasy. But the experience of a young Cincinnatian recently was enough to chill even the most burning of lovers.

The young lady in the case is a physician's daughter, and the young man is tall and slender, whose shoulders inclined to droop. He won the maiden's love and dutifully went to her father to ask if he might have his daughter. The physician listened to his story and then coolly said:

"Take off your coat."

The young man obeyed in mute wonder, thinking that possibly the doctor was going to make him fight for his daughter then and there.

"Now, then," continued the other, "take off your vest and shirt."

Finally the young man stood in his boots, trowsers and undershirt. Then the physician tapped him learnedly all over his chest, listened to the beating of his anxious heart, questioned him as to his stomach, liver and digestion, and at last he said:

"There, I guess you'll do. I want no man to marry my daughter who is not physically sound, and the only way to tell is by examination. You can have her, my dear boy, and God bless you both!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Experiences of an Undertaker.

"I've just returned from the house of a young married man who died last night," said an undertaker, "and his weeping wife told me she wanted his coffin made large enough to hold his gun and game bag, because he was so fond of shooting."

"I suppose you have a great many such queer requests," remarked a listener.

"Oh, yes. It was only about a month ago that a mother, frenzied with grief, when I was about to put the lid on her daughter's casket took from a closet a satin ball dress and insisted on having it used as a cover for the corpse.

"Then some people want favorite books, letters, Bibles, pictures, and such things buried with their dead. It seems to soothe their anguish to some degree, and you have to humor them. The queerest thing of the kind happened to me just after I went into the business. It would have been laughed at on a minstrel stage, but in a house of grief had to be tolerated with solemnity. The 10 year-old boy of a poor woman had died of fever, and I was engaged to bury him. Her neighbors had all gathered down stairs. I went up to ask her if there was anything more I could do, and she handed me a little bundle, saying, 'please put this at the foot of Johnny's coffin. They are a pair of old pataloons, and the first I ever whipped him in.'"—Philadelphia Press.

PEDIGREE PUPPIES.

ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT PET DOGS AND THEIR HABITS.

No Such Thing as Fashion in Dogs—The Pug Not Noted for Brilliancy of Intellect—Mdlle. Aimee's Toy Terrier—Treatment of Invalids.

"Yes, I know a little about dogs," said the breeder of fine pugs and aristocratic terriers. "We always have had them about the place, and I naturally came to know how to manage them. Dogs are just about as varied as human beings; some are sagacious, some playful, others are dense as human bumpkins, and sullen, treacherous, sly, and faithful qualities are as apparent as in children and adults.

"Fashions? Oh, that's all talk. There is no such thing as fashion in dogs any more than there is in cats or horses. Occasionally some stock is imported from a foreign country or a breeder turns out a novelty by unusual crossing, and in either case if the puppies can be raised they are denominated rarities, and will bring fancy prices. To illustrate, when the pug was imported from England it sold simply because it was rare, and a pure bred specimen brought $100. There was some trouble in rearing it, but as soon as the trade learned how to take care for it the production became large; whole litters were carried along without loss, and the supply reached the demand. Now the pedigree puppies can be had at $20, and it's hard to find buyer's at that. There is really no money in them for the reason that they are being crossed with all sorts of curs, and the breed is fast dying out. Naturally the pug is full and very thick from shoulder to hip; but in crossing the breed the body thins out. They are of all dogs the least doggish; they are instinctively dull, can't be taught anything, and do nothing but sleep and look ugly.

CONCERNING PEDIGREE PUPPIES.

"It is a light compliment that the American ladies favored them. Never sold one to a man in my life, and I have receipts for several hundred. Their only charm lies in the fact of their harmlessness, and for that reason they are recognized as prime nursery dogs.

"Of all pets the toy or blue terrier ranks first. It takes its name blue from the tinge of the hair, and its very diminitive size accounts for the other name of toy, it being the very smallest in any of the terrier litters. It is very delicate—more so than any of the other puppies, and as hard to raise as a baby. The thoroughbred never weighs over three and one-half pounds, and there is always a market for it ranging from $75 to $50.

"One of my pedigree puppies, a toy by the way, I sold to Mdle Aimee, and I believe it has cost her $600 in the way of rewards and ads. A few weeks after she bought him he was stolen and she wired me to hunt him up at any cost. I went about the task scientifically, found that the night she was to leave a couple of piano men had taken off an instrument. I followed up the movers, and in two weeks learned that the thief, who lived on the north side, had sent it over on Twenty-ninth street for safe-keeping. When I was sure of my game I got a replevin writ and a policeman, and the toy, which I boxed up and sent to Milwaukee, where the actress was waiting for it. She has a little silk bag made, in which she puts 'Jack' and in that way is able to smuggle him into hotels, steamships, parlor-cars, and other places where dogs are debarred. Jack is a French dog, by education, doesn't understand a syllable of English, but is as sagacious an animal as I ever knew.

The Yorkshire is the pride of the English. None of the terriers are good for anything but pets. We do, however, raise them for ladies and gentlemen. When a lady sends an order, her dog at birth is collared and trained how to sit on a carriage or sofa-cushion, and taught how to follow closely. The man's dog I put through ratter tactics, because that is one of the traits men admire in a pet. With the opposite sex it would embarrass the mistress to take her pet out strolling and have him snooping for rats at every crevice and nook."

TREATMENT OF THE INVALIDS.

"Diseases about two; distemper and weak eyes. Distemper comes from over and injudicious feeding. Give a grown dog about a pound of boiled liver and some weak milk once a day, allowing him two hours for his meal, and he will be as sound as a bell. The milk must be diluted, as otherwise it heats the blood. The long hair that hangs about the eyes naturally weakens them.

"Oh, yes, you have to wash them. A clean dog must have two baths a day in lukewarm water with castile soap. Then it must be rinsed in water of blood heat, dried quickly, and combed with an electric wire brush, after which the coat is dressed with pomade.

"This is, I believe, the only private dog hospital in the city. I charge $3 a week, which includes board, bed, medicine, exercise, and any attention, such as shingling or thinning out the coat, cutting the ears, etc. If the dog is sent in before his disorder has had time to lay hold of him I can cure him indside of a month from every trace of the disease. My treatment includes a light medicated diet, regular bathing, and two hours' exercise before and after sunset.

"The tails are cut at 3 weeks, leaving just three fingers. I do the job with a chisel, and it's a remarkable fact that the dog don't find it out till next day. The cut bleeds considerably, and is quite sore for three weeks, during which time the appendage has to be dressed daily. Ear-clipping is much more of a task, and the dog is distressed and unwell for about two and one-half months and unless cared for will suffer constitutionally. We have to tie the legs and get some one to hold the animal. I use a barber's scissors, and cut two ears together at a clip, bringing them to an acute point and of equal height. Then the sides must be scolloped and the holwing of the poor victim is evidence of the pain inflicted."—Inter Ocean.

The Dandelion Popular in Paris.

The humble dandelion is the fashionable flower of the hour in Paris. Tufts of dandelions, looking as if they had just been rooted up from the field, ornament the belle's tulle bonnet, the dandy's buttonhole, and the horses' heads, while one or two stray flowers peep out of the groom's waistcoat.—Frank Leslie's.

They have curious burial customs in Greece. At Athens a son is dropped into the coffin. The greatest attention is given to this point. In removing the body, the feet always go first, and priests prinkle perfumes in the room where the corpse lies.—Philadelphia Call.

The Beginning of a Kansas Town.

Forty-five thousand dollars' worth of lots were sold in one day, and forty-eight business buildings were contracted for to be finished in thirty days at a new town in western Kansas.—Kansas City Journal.

Let us be thankful it was ordained that children shall relish childish things.—Signor Max.

THAT you are bothered nearly to death with rheumatic twinges or the pangs of neuralgia is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Experiment with a good medicine. Try Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Recollect it is GUARANTEED by every druggist. Neuralgia and Rheumatism never stood before it.

SHOW us a man or women, if you can, afflicted with toothache, earache, headache, backache, any ache, that has sought relief in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to no advantage, and in return we will refer you to thousands similiarly affected whom this medicine has relieved and cured completely.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Next Term begins January 5, 1882.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A reorganized course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, President,
State College, Centre Co., Pa.

1yjan9

TUTT'S PILLS

OR YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 192 Fulton Street, N. Y.

MANUFACTURE OF GREEK ANTIQUES.

A Modern Artist Endowed with the Instinct of the Hellenic Races.

A correspondent writes of a singular industry at Naples, the manufacture of Greek antiques. This is not a craft of deception, but of hopes and genuine imitation, carried on openly and above board on the quays of Naples. M. de Calonne, the correspondent, describes the work as little less than marvelous. Those old vases and water jars of Herculaneum and Capua were imitated with the utmost perfection of ingenuity. The design and the coloring is complete in its archaic vraisemblance. The figures are cut in black against a dark-red ground, and of them M. de Calonne says: "In any museum I should have taken these modern potteries for vases of Capua of Herculaneum."

But the psychological curiosity of this work is that the artist firmly believes himself a descendant of the Hellenic races and endowed with their instinct. Perhaps he was a Theosophist, and believed he had been a son of Hellas in a previous incarnation. The correspondent gives some portions of an interview with this artist, of which the following is an extract:

"Why should it be otherwise?" he asked. "Is the genius of the ancients dead? Are we not the descendants of our fathers? Why should we not be able to do as well as they?"

"But antiquity," I remarked, "gives a historic value to old vases. They are the witnesses of an epoch and of a civilization—they reveal to us the manners, the customs, the religion of an era."

"A mere matter of curiosity, having no really serious result! The art—that is all that we should consider; the work—that is all we should examine. If the work is beautiful, what matter whether it be ancient or modern? I have never sold a vase of mine as a product of antiquity. To those who buy them I say: 'They are modern; it is I who made them.' Do I hide myself in order to manufacture them? See for yourself—my shop is open; the public can watch me at work—anybody can come in. And in order that my vases may be recognized some day, and accorded the rank that they merit, I have stamped them with a special mark. See! here it is."

In an ornamental frieze-work, the artist pointed out to me the almost imperceptible figure of a fiery horse.

"It is the symbol of Parthenope" [the ancient Greek name for Naples], he said. "Some day my work will be sought after; my vases will be called the vases of Naples, and they will be given a place apart, and they will be ranked higher than the antique, because they are more beautiful."

I looked at the man with astonishment. He seemed to me to have grown six feet high, and his head looked grand as the grand faces of the Parthenon. Assuredly I saw before me a descendant of Phidias, or at all events of Praxiteles.

This resurrection of antique art is a new and curious industry, and many of the designs that appear so archaic are original with the artist.—Cor. Paris Figaro.

A Vacation for the Clergyman.

The idea that a clergyman is not entitled to a vacation I hope is not very widely entertained by the public. It is almost too absurd to call for refutation, and arises chiefly from the ignorance regarding a minister's work. The average man thinks it includes only a sermon or two a week and a little parish visiting. Does he never stop to think that a pastor must really have charge of the church's finances; that he must present some attractive literary production for his pulpit at least once a Sunday; that he must keep up a close acquaintance with the members of his church; that he must too often bear other men's responsibilities and sorrows; that he must bury the dead and marry the living; that he is liable to be called out of bed at any hour to comfort the dying; that he must respond to invitations to address this and that public body or benevolent meeting, and, that, above all, he must promote good feeling and harmony among his parishioners, even though he be heartily abused every time he carries the olive branch?

Does the world never stop to think of the weight of responsibility on a man who Sunday after Sunday make his utterances and opinions the common property of the air? Does it never think of the strain that comes to a man who is always liable to be misinterpreted? All this becomes a treadmill soon. It is to get out of this treadmill that we welcome the summer vacation. Besides, what is the use of preaching when a congregation is nearly all away?—Rev. Dr. Fulton in Globe-Democrat.

Cards—Attorneys

J. L. SPANGLER. C. P. HEWES

SPANGLER & HEWES,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A.
Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

JOHN KLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA
Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7my84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. H. ORVIS. C. M. BOWER. E. L. ORVIS

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. 21jan 85

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney Law.
Office in old Conard building

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE,
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial
2june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 31ja

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.

D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CAMERON HOUSE,
LEWISBURG, PENN'A
STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors
SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY.
Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 31apy

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,
Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS

WE HAVE A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
MONUMENTS, HEAD-STONES
MONUMENTS, HEAD-STONES,
TOMBS, TOMBS,
IN DARK RED, DARK BLUE, OR WHITE AND CLOUDED
MARBLE.
WE FURNISH ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK IN
GRANITE, MARBLE, OR IRON,
AT MOST REASONABLE PRICES.
Musser & Alexander,
13apr1M MILLHEIM, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 30, 1880.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 56 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 55 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		7 05 a m
"	"	Renovo		9 25 a m
"	arr at	Erie		5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 00 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon		1 [illegible] a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 45 p m
"	"	Renovo		4 45 p m
"	"	Kane		8 20 p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 00 p m
		(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 57 a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 38 a m
"	"	arrives Renovo		12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 05 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		8 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo		10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 25 a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 25 p m
"	"	Montandon		1 26 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves	Renovo		4 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon		7 28 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		9 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 45 a m
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.				
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie		2 45 p m
"	"	Renovo		11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 55 p m
"	"	Williamsport		1 25 a m
"	"	Montandon		2 26 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with E., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD,
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A M.	A M.		A M	P M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 45	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 50		6 10	Bichl	8 01		5 25
2 00		6 22	Vicksburg	8 46		5 18
2 10		6 38	Millinburg	8 25		5 05
2 35		6 48	Millmont	8 15		4 48
2 45		6 56	Laurelton	8 12		4 42
2 45		7 49	Coburn	7 20		3 45
3 55		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 39
4 10		8 10	Rising Spring	6 06		3 12
4 27		8 19	Penn Cave	6 58		2 59
4 40		8 27	Centre Hall	6 50		2 45
4 50		8 38	Gregg	6 43		2 32
5 04		8 45	Linden Hall	6 36		1 18
5 18		8 52	Oak Hall	6 30		1 08
5 20		8 55	Lemont	6 25		1 00
5 27		9 02	Pine Summit	6 20		1 52
5 45		9 16	Pleasant Gap	6 06		1 38
5 50		9 21	Axemann	6 04		1 29
6 00		9 2	Bellefonte	6 00		1 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 50 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A,
Receive Deposits and allow Interest on Time Deposits; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities;
JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, President. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS. Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS. —— DRUGS
CHEMICALS
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept

YOUNG MEN.

Boys and Middle-aged Men & Young Ladies trained for a successful start in business life at Coleman College, Newark, N. J. Life scholarship $40. No Vacation. Situations secured when desired. Illustrated catalogue mailed on application. Henry Coleman, Pres., Ezra White, Pres.

FIRST PREMIUM. PHILADA 1876.

Grand Prize Medal, Paris, 1878.

DREYDOPPEL'S

Ask your Grocer for it. Wm. Dreydoppel, Mfr., 208 North Front Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Is simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is not a Truss. Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from morbid sufferers cured by this marvellous. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 625 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment given all forms of surgical and medical cases. Strictly confidential and private treatment in male and female ex. specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

A Quaker Maiden's Logic.

Oh, if I only had a frock as blue as the summer's sky!
With a sash all soft and silky of every brilliant dye!
And a hat just heavy laden with all the flowers that grow,
I'd be the happiest maiden in Quakerdom, I know!

As I slowly combed my curls by the looking glass to-day,
Mother gently chided me, in her own peaceful way,
"Ah, Ruth, my little daughter! Thee must think thyself full fair.
Thee tak'st full thrice as long's thee need'st to simply smooth thy hair.

"I fear me much thee dost forget that life is short and vain,
And days for work are passing, which can never come again,
Then Ruth my child, remember that fairest are those
Whose lives are filled with goodness, from childhood till the close."

I cannot understand it, why all the world's so bright,
While gay colors on a maiden are anything but right.
If God has made us Quakers, why green trees instead of gray,
And why these flowers so brilliant, a blooming all the day?
If God had meant me to be drab, why are my eyes so blue,
My cheeks are red as poppies, my hair the corn's gold hue,
I cannot understand it! Perhaps I will some day,
When I'm as old as granny, and my yellow hair is gray.

THE LINKS THE CAT FORGED.

It was past 11 o'clock when I opened the door and the black cat walked slowly out and down the steps, waiting to see if I followed. I turned up the collar of my coat for the air was chilly and went out again into the beautiful October night. The street was as silent as the footfalls of the little animal softly walking down the steps. The black cat led the way and I followed. Why, I do not know.

Two nights before I had walked up from my office late with a friend. It was long past midnight when we turned into the quiet street where I lived talking about I know not what. Suddenly there stepped out of the shadow of a huge tree a black cat. Looking neither to the right nor left, she walked deliberately before us.

"Ha!" said my friend, with a tragic air, "a cat!—a black cat! Let us follow the cat."

And then he laughed, and even as he waked the echoes down the street—I cannot tell why—I shivered. The cat walked silently along past the lower steps of the flights leading down from the houses, keeping a pace or two ahead of us. My friend left me at his door saying: "Good night. Beware of the cat." I went on to my house, not far beyond. At the steps the cat stopped, hesitated for a moment, and then walked up to the door. Somewhat surprised I followed.

I do not like cats. They seem to me to be treacherous, dangerous brutes, and I am even half afraid of them. But when the black cat stopped at my door I determined for some inexplicable reason, to admit her. She seemed to know my room, for she walked up the single flight of stairs before me and entered the room as I opened the door. I found her stretched out on the floor when I had lighted the gas, and if she had lived in my room all her life she could not have appeared more at home. For the same inexplicable reason that I admitted the cat to my house I allowed her to remain in my room.

The next evening I came in earlier; it may have been 10 o'clock. The black cat met me at the door and darted by me as I stepped over the threshold. Then, as I turned to see whether she had gone, I felt a pull at the leg of my trousers, and saw that the cat had fastened a claw there and was certainly trying to draw me from the house. I stooped down and softly stroked the animal's back, at the same time disengaging her claw. Then I turned and entered the house, and the cat, after a moment of apparent irresolution, followed me, mewing strangely.

The next night she again met me at the door, and the effort to draw me from the house was repeated. The desire was so apparent that I was puzzled, and, I own, a little disturbed. The cat went with me to my room, and, sitting there in the firelight, with her bright eyes staring at me, I formed a purpose to yield to this curious whim if it were again displayed. I tried to reason with myself, but reason seemed to have given way to impulse as uncontrollable as it was mysterious.

I passed an uneasy night and then a day, half hoping that when evening came my unbidden and unwelcome guest would be gone. I heard the clocks in the street where I lived strike 11 as I walked down toward my door. As I stepped over the threshold I saw the fiery eyes of the cat in the dark hall. A shiver passed through my frame. I trembled with an excitement as intense as it was sudden. My heart began to beat so loudly that I involuntarily held my hand over it as if to still it. Then summoning my resolution I followed the cat down the steps and strode after her as she flitted down the street.

It was a black night. Heavy, swollen gray clouds had been hanging low in the sky when darkness came on, and now they drew an impenetrable veil between the earth and the stars. The old, winding streets of the quarter of the town in which I lived were silent and deserted. Now and then a gust of wind swept down and swung some shutter back upon its hinges with a hoarse, grating sound. The moaning of the wind was full of strange meanings to me. My thoughts wandered off through the black arches of that dismal night, and as I strode down the street drawn irresistibly after the noiseless black cat, there came up before me a vivid picture of the tragedy which had come into my life only a year before, when I had completed my college course.

I saw my father's house—a large white building, surrounded by spacious piazzas and standing in the middle of a wide, velvet-like lawn. I saw my father sitting in his comfortable library, from which two bay windows opened upon the piazza. He had left my sister and mother and myself in an adjoining room, and was sitting at a table facing one of the open windows. A student's lamp cast a soft, mellow light over the room. Behind my father stood his safe, which contained a large sum of money, put there to pay his workmen on the following morning. The door between the library and the room in which we were was open, and occasionally he spoke to us. Then came a long silence, and we heard only the soft patter of the rain on the piazzas.

"What can father be doing," asked my sister at length, "that keeps him so quiet?"

"Writing I suppose," said my mother "He is making up the pay rolls, you know."

"Then he'll never get through," replied my sister, for he has fallen asleep I'm sure."

We listened again. We heard only the steady, monotonous patter of the rain.

"Well," said my sister rising, "don't you think I ought to wake him up, mother?"

"Yes," answered my mother.

My sister went into the next room.

"Father," she said, "wake up; it is growing late."

There was no answer. The next moment a piercing shriek rang out through the house.

"My God! He is dead!"

Horror-stricken, we rushed into the room. The safe had been robbed and my father shot through the heart while he sat not thirty feet away from us and we had not heard a sound. At the post-mortem examination they found in his body a curious missile more than an inch long and shaped partly like a dart. The point was sharp and three sharp faces ran back toward the body of the missile. Experts said the missile had been projected by some force other than powder, else my mother and sister would have heard the report, and they talked very learnedly about the application of compressed air and even hinted at electricity. But what manner of weapon the murderer used none could say.

I had mechanically taken the dart and put it in my pocket. I always carried it there in the vague hope that some day it might help me to unravel the mystery of my father's death, which had slain my mother and had rested upon my soul like a great pall. I had that dart in my pocket even then.

And there I was following a mysterious black cat out of the suburbs of the city in the gloomy night and down a country road, moved by some impulse which I could not explain, and which, strangely enough, I did not want explained. The cat turned into a narrow lane leading to a piece of dense woods. I could hear the bell in the cathedral tower striking the hour of midnight. I was cold—almost numb—although the night was hardly chilly. I wanted to go back, yet I went on. My eyes vainly strove to penetrate the black arches of the forest. The whispering of the night wind in the trees was full of hidden meanings. Cold perspiration trickled down my forehead. My teeth chattered. My knees knocked together. Yet I went on.

At the edge of the wood the cat paused. I could not see her body, but her eyes glowed in the darkness with a weird light. She began to mew and the sound echoed dismally among the trees, dying away in smothered sobs in the darkness. I could tell by the agitation of the dead leaves at my feet that the cat was scratching, as if hunting for something. Presently she uttered a long piercing cry that seemed to make the very trees tremble and then she was silent and motionless. Trembling violently, I struck a match and stood over her. She had her foot on something half covered by leaves. It looked like a dead branch. I picked it up. It was a gun—not like any I had ever seen before, but still like a gun. I looked at it blankly. Mechanically I drew from my pocket the curious missle which I always carried and dropped it into the barrel. It fitted perfectly. The horror that rushed over me when I knew that I held in my hands the weapon which had slain my father, was too great to be borne. The skies reeled above me. I saw a hundred pair of glowing eyes. I tottered, groaned, and fell senseless upon the earth.

Two years passed away I had not yet solved the mystery. My sister was about to be married, and I was preparing to go to the wedding. She had been living with relatives in Cincinnati where she was completing her musical studies. There she had met a young man whom I had never seen, but who, all my relatives assured me, was worthy to become my sister's husband. He had been in Cincinnati only two years, but had in that time made himself a favorite in the best society of the city. He had plenty of money, which he said he had made in the West, where he had a large cattle ranch. I saw no reason why I should object to my sister's choice.

I had invited Mortimer Melville to go with me. Mortimer was my most intimate friend, although I had known him less than two years. I had the good fortune to find his pocketbook, which he lost, and took it to the business address written on a card inside. From that trival incident our friendship grew up. We never visited each other's rooms, because we used to sit together in the smoking room of the Modest Club to which we belonged. Having invited him to go to the wedding with me, I was waiting for him in my room, where he was to call for me on his way to the station.

"Come in," I said hearing a knock at the door.

"Good-morning, old fellow" he said entering, "it's a little early yet, but I confess I was a trifle curious to have a peep at your rooms before starting. Pretty comfortable place you have here, Bob."

"Yes, it is. Make yourself at home, Mort, while I try to coax the total depravity out of this necktie."

Mortimer strolled around the room looking at the pictures. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. I turned and saw him pointing at the cat, which was lying asleep on the hearth rug.

"Where did you get that cat?" he asked.

"She followed me home one night," I said.

"She's mine," he exclaimed. "I lost her two years ago, before I knew you."

Then he walked to the other side of the room and called, "Here Witch, Witch." The cat ran to him and purred around his feet.

"You see," he said, "she answers to her name. But how on earth did you get her?"

I looked at my watch. We had an hour to spare. I sat down and told him the whole story. As I went on I noticed that a look of deep trouble settled upon his features. When I had concluded he said:

"Have you the gun yet?"

"Yes," I answered, taking it from a closet.

"My God, I knew it!" he cried. "It is my gun."

"Your gun!" I echoed, aghast.

"Yes, mine."

I stood looking at him for a moment trying to collect my thoughts. Thoughts too terrible to entertain crowded upon me.

"You cannot be," I said, "my father's——"

"No, no, not that," he interrupted. "I mean that I invented the gun. It was my idea and the gun was made for me. It was the first one ever made and—and I sold it."

"Sold it!" I cried. "To whom?"

"Listen," said Mortimer, "and I will tell you all about it. God knows I have nothing to conceal. I discovered a new and powerful use of compressed air. I worked at my idea a long time and finally made a gun which was a success. I was poor and needed money to push the invention, and when one day a young man came into my shop and wanted to buy this particular gun. I sold it to him. He said he wanted it as a curiosity, and paid me a good round sum for it. I know this is the gun, because there is no patent mark on it. The young man was the son of a good family with lots of money. I learned afterward that he had a bad reputation He lived a wild and dissolute life for a time, but I understand that he reformed a couple of years ago, and is now once more received in good society."

"But who was this man?" I asked. "What was his name?"

"George Sutherland," said Mortimer.

I had never heard the name before, but I knew that was the man I had been looking for, and I could see another step toward solving the mystery of my father's death. Without thinking of what I was doing I took the missile from the chamber of the gun and put into my pocket.

"Come," I said "we have just time to see the chief of police and tell him about this man."

The chief knew all the details of my father's death, and with me had often examined the gun. Mortimer gave all the information in his possession, and an hour later we were on the road.

When we arrived at Cincinnati on the morning of the wedding we went to the house of my relatives. When we were told that the groom had arrived Mortimer and I went together to the room where the young man was with his friends. I went in first and was introdnced to my prospective brother-in-law. I found him a good looking man of the world, well fed, and rather fascinating.

That was all I had time to notice before Melville entered the room. I saw a sudden pallor come upon the face of the man who was about to become my sister's husband. Mortimer Melville started forward and without waiting for an introduction, exclaimed:

"George Sutherland!"

That was not the name given to me in the introduction. It was the name of the man I believed to be my father's assassin. I staggered; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"It is he!" cried Mortimer. "He bought the gun!"

"What do you mean?" stammered Sutherland.

Then my senses returned. I drew the curious missile from my pocket and held it before his eyes.

"Miserable wretch!" I exclaimed. "Look at this—this you sent to my father's heart. But now you shall suffer for your cowardly crime."

I sprang forward to seize him by the throat. With a sudden bound he eluded my grasp and the next moment sprang through the open window into the street.

"Stop him!" I shouted; stop the villain."

Twenty men sped after him. He was caught. He confessed that the murder had been the crowning act of his life, and with the money taken from the safe he had gone West and engaged in the cattle trade. Returning under an assumed name, he had seen and really loved my sister. He suffered the extreme penalty of the law for his crime. My sister, after a long illness, recovered and now lives always by my side. We still keep the black cat.

Why She Did Not Hear the Sermon.

"Well how did you like the sermon on Sunday?" we heard one lady ask another on the court house pavement lately.

"The sermon?"

"Yes, you were at church, weren't you?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then, how did you like the sermon?"

"I didn't hear any sermon, I belong to the choir," was the self-satisfied rejoinder.

India-rubber is menaced with a rival. The rubberdealers of eastern Nicaragua think they have discovered a tree whose gum will give as much satisfaction as rubber, and will, in fact, take its place. They say that the milk of the tuuo furnishes a most excellent gutta-percha, equal to the best found in the eastern tropics, while the number of trees is virtually inexhaustible, and the gum can be produced with profit at twelve cents a pound.

OF THE BLONDE TYPE.

People who Have Made Their Mark in the Literary World.

It is a fact the writer has often noticed that, among people who have made their mark in the literary world, a large number have been blondes with blue or gray eyes. Kate Field, who had a personal acquaintance with George Eliot describes the great author of "Adam Bede" as a woman of fair Saxon coloring, with pale blue eyes. Another writer speaks of her as having "vivid, warm, blue-gray eyes, full of depth, now keenly perceptive, now dreamily introspective, always full of sadness."

The philospher Immanuel Kant, the sage of Konigsberg, is described as "scarcely more than five feet high, with fair hair, fresh complexion, and light blue eyes."

Of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, it is declared that he had a "small, fair, round-trimmed beard." If this is the case, Geoffrey must have had eyes and complexion to correspond, at least to the second adjective.

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke say that Dickens' eyes were "large, dark blue, exquisitely shaped, fringed with magnificently long and thick lashes. They now swam in liquid, limpid suffusion when tears started into them from a sense of humor or a sense of pathos, and now darted quick flashes of fire when some generous indignation at injustice, or some high-wrought feeling of admiration at magnanimity, or some sudden emotion of interest and excitement touched them."

Conway says Carlyle had a blue eye that suggested tenderness, that nowhere else appeared in his manner or conversation. It was a commendable spirit of foresight, or aftersight, which must have prompted Mr. Conway to make the latter portion of that remark.

Emma Lazarus says Emerson had clear gray blue eyes.

Bryant had bright blue eyes, if we may believe the ever-truthful newspapers.

Longfellow had gray eyes.

Margaret Fuller had gray eyes. So had Gail Hamilton and Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Gaskell says that Charlotte Bronte had "reddish-brown eyes," but Frances Gerry Fairchild said she had hazel gray eyes. This same writer says Cleopatra had auburn hair and was freckled (the most unkindest cut of all), and that her eyes were not black, but of the tawny and tigerish yellow so often found in conjunction with terrific passion and a desperate spirit. But Cleopatra was not so much celebrated for her literary exploits as for exploits of another kind.

"Burning Sappho" is said to have "passed from memory except as a spectre of the tragic passion and a tress of golden hair." Ruskin, he whose given name is John, has eyes gray and sparkling. Whittier's eyes are soft and dark. Holmes has "twinkling brown eyes." Maurice Thompson has the piercing black eyes and swarthy complexion of the southerner that he is. I talked with him twenty minutes, a few months since, with the morning sun in his eyes. I could not call his eyes either large or particularly beautiful. But such as they are, they have looked deep into nature and found there loveliness more often than otherwise unnoticed by eyes of the highest order of beauty. Madame DeStael had black eyes. Mrs. Browning had large brown eyes. The color of Poe's eyes is disputed. Some writers say they were gray and others called them brown. Milton had auburn hair, and his school fellows called him "the blonde beauty." Alphonso Daudet says Victor Hugo's eyes were deep and soft, but cold.

Howells' eyes are gray, while H. James, Jr., is said to gaze upon the Bostonians (whom he so dearly loves and who so ardently reciprocate his affeceion), as well as the small remaining portion of the world, with a pair of black eyes. George W. Cable has hazel eyes.

Not having had a personal acquaintance with many of the earlier writers, notably Horace, Virgil, Plato, Aristotle, and Plutarch, and having no description of them at hand, the writer is not prepared to state whether or not they were blondes. Enough examples have been given, however, to demonstrate the fact that there is always a fair proportion of the literati fair, and those who have not the "flashing black eyes of genius" need not cease their endeavors because lacking such endowments.

Aluminium, which only a short time since was so rare a metal as to be found mainly in cabinets, is now produced in such quantities as to have given rise to excessive manfacturing works. Its absolute freedom from liability to oxidization renders it peculiarly valuable for the purposes of articles exposed to the action of water, acids or damp atmosphere; and for that reason prominence is given in the list of manufactures to which it is now habitually applied to articles for out-door use in which an ornamental surface is desired. Among the articles for which the metal has been found specially serviceable, apart from white-metal tableware, may be mentioned ships' propellers, yacht-sheathing, ships' fittings, horse-bits, and harness fittings, railway carriage handles, locks, keys, chains, wire and wire ropes, tubes, chandeliers, wood screws, fenders, fire-irons, fishermen's trawling ropes, carriage lamps, pens, silver grids, rivets, etc.

A copying-ink that may be used without press or water and will yield one or two fair neat copies is made by mixing three parts of jet-black writing-ink and one part of glycerine. This ink dries very slowly, and must be used on glazed paper. The writing also must be fine.

—There has been no attempt to interfere with the [illegible]-makers at Monmouth Park; but neither auction nor French pools are sold. There are some fifty pool-sellers doing business there, and yet there is hardly work for quarter that number.

HORSE NOTES.

—Dan D., thh new Western pacing wonder, is by Diadem.

—Will Cody (record 2.19½) was the foal of a 27-year-old mare.

—J. F. Caldwell is giving good satisfaction as starter at Monmouth.

—J. Q., by Kentucky Prince, Jr., is the first new 2.20 trotter of the season.

—Paul Hacke, of Pittsburg, has decided to campaign Duquesne (2.17¾) this year.

—Mr. Gratz, of Philadelphia, has purchased the filly Refrain from Commodore Kitson, for $3500.

—W. B. McDonald, the former driver of Buffalo Girl, thinks he has a coming pacer in Fallon.

—Virgil, Billet, Enquirer and Longfellow are in the lead for the stallion championship so far this season.

—Johnson defeated Mike Wilkes in three straight heats over the Twin City Driving Club track on the 5th of July. Best heat, 2.15¼.

—Bird Hayden, of Harrodsburg, Ky., drove his Rienzi 2-year-old filly, dam by Messenger Chief, a quarter in 37½s., at a 2.29 rate.

—Great favoritism is shown Fred Archer by English horse-owners. If a horse has a sure thing the mount is, nine times out of ten given to Archer.

—David Bonner, who was injured by a runaway accident a few weeks ago, is coming around all right and will soon be seen on the road again.

—Jesse Fox, of Boyle county, Ky., lost by colic a valuable 3-year-old horse, by Hali's Abdallah. He had refused recently a fancy price for the animal.

—At the Kalamazoo (Mich.) trotting meeting, William McLaughlin, the driver of Colonel Bowers, was thrown out of the sulky during one of the races, and had four ribs broken.

—W. L. Simmons, of Danville, Ky., sold to J. W. Styles, Decorah, Iowa, the 3-year-old stallion, Patchen Wilkes, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by George Wilkes. Price, $1700.

—A. Smith McCann, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to R. H. Parker, of Youngstown, Ohio, two fillies by Red Wilkes, dam of one by Administrator, dam of the other by Brown Chief. Price, $1200.

—The Southeastern District Agricultural Society of Missouri, announces light harness races between mules at its twenty-first annual fair, to be held at Cape Girardeau on October 12 to 16.

—Maud S. trotted a mile in 2.12 without urging, over Mr. Bonner's Tarrytown track on the 31st ult. So far this season Murphy has never used a whip in driving the great mare.

—Springfield and Hartford have come to an understanding. The meeting at Hampden Park will take place September 7, 8, 9 and 10, the week following the meeting at Charter Oak Park.

—Nathan Strauss, of New York, owner of Majolica, says he will never start a horse in public for work, believing the practice to be a bad one. It causes the public to lose confidence in the sport.

—There seems to be an amazing number of horses with initial cognomens on the trotting turf this year. We have T. L. D., T. G., J. P. R., S. W. C., J. Q., G. H., A. H, R. B., G. D. S., E. C. C., and a great many others fully as ridiculous.

—Messrs. Russell, Steel, Story, Golden, Grady, Crawford, Herdic, Turner, Dodge, A. J. Russell, Bowerman Brothers and MacKay, the twelve nominators for the Guaranteed Purse of $5000 for the 2.25 class at Island Park, have made good the second payment, which fell due on July 1.

—J. T. Williams, owner of Joe Cotton, aspires to be a starter, and says that if the Monmouth, Coney Island and American Clubs will give him permanent employment in that capacity he will sell all his race-horses and devote all his energies to starting.

—The remarkable speed and staying quality of Little Brown Jug were recalled by the performances of his full brother, Brown Hal, in the 2.30 pacing class at Pittsburg. He mowed down a field in short order, after losing the first heat to Sam Jones, pacing the fourth mile in 2.17½.

—Lizzie Dwyer's 2.08, with 113 pounds up, in the Boulevard stakes at Chicago, on the 3d inst., is the fastest mile and a quarter of the season. The track of the Washington Park Club appears to be remarkably fast this year. At a mile and a sixteenth Jim Douglas beat the record, scoring 1.47½. At mile heats, over hurdles, Will Davis also lowered the record, running in 1.49½ and 1.51.

—Cora S., the speedy and stylish 2-year-old Messenger Chief filly owned by Frank Logan, this county, has been turned over to W. H. Robinson, to make a campaign of the Fairs in the State this year. The animal is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the best 2-year-olds in the State. Mr. Robinson has a string of six other good animals, and will doubtless wear the blue many times this season,

—An effort is being make to get up a sensational race to be run at San Francisco next winter. It is proposed to give about $25,000, and it is expected that this will attract such horses as Miss Woodford, Troubadour, Modesty, Barnum, Joe Cotton, Bersan, Lizzie Dwyer and others from the East. Of course, all the celebrated Californians would take part. The distance has not been determined, but a dash of two miles has been spoken of.

—C. F. Emery's great barn at Warrensville, O., which was burned on July 2, was 200 feet long and 100 feet wide. The horses burned were as follows: Necromancer, b. c., 2 years old, by Nugget, valued at $1500, and owned by Mr. Emery; Elyria, b. c. (3), by Nugget, valued at $500, and owned by Dr. Jones; a 3-year-old bay filly by Nugget, owned by W. T. Whitney, and a 4-year-old bay filly by Abdallah West, owned by W. B. Chisholm. The total loss was about $24,000.

FASHION NOTES.

—A new black satin-faced material has chenille woven lengthwise through the fabric, the rows of chenille about three-fourths of an inch apart and about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. This material is intended for use with plain satin, and is quite effective for front draperies and portions of the dress that will not crush, but is worthless for any part that is exposed to wear or hard usage.

—There is "a new wrinkle" in the making of bows for the side of the collar. The middle knot is drawn in very tightly, and the loops and pointed ends are turned about in the fashion of the vertical paddles of a wind-mill. Young ladies are having the bows made for their hats, and such a bow was recently used upon a parsol. When skillfully made they are very pretty and effective, although the suggestion has been made that they indicate an unsettled state of mind.

—A blouse waist made of all-over embroidery, having long sleeves with turned-back cuffs, a turned-down collar and a draw string at the waist, is one of the fancies of the moment. It is especially designed for rather stylish negligee morning wear by slender young ladies, although misses may wear it at any hour, but not for dressy occasions. Some pretty basques of all-over goods have been made for seaside wear, and are used with skirts of silk, cashmere or other goods of like texture, or those of mull or organdie.

—The "Mikado" handkerchief is shown in several styles, the prettiest having stripes half an inch wide running from corner to corner one way. These colored stripes alternate with white, and are all in the popular shades. Another "Mikado" has a row of blocks all around the kerchief next to the hemstitched border, and from this row there is a gradual diminution in the size of similar blocks, all coming to a point in the middle in a perspective design. They are very odd and quite popular for the moment, being sold at popular prices.

—The "robin-redbreast" plastron is very popular with young and slender ladies. It is made of dull red silk, as nearly the color of the robin-redbreast's plumage as the shade can be found, and is allowed to fall full below the waist. It makes a charming finish to a walking suit. There is a vest or plastron of similar style made of gray satin in changable tints, that is called the "sea-gull." These vests are worn by ladies who belong to the anti-plumage societies, and in many cases they have plaited wings of silk matching in color on their hats. It is said that this anti-plumage movement is likely to be a very serious loss to millinery importers, but with the early autumn days many predict an enthusiastic revival of the use of feathers.

—Frise tussore or pongee silks are among the novelties in dress fabrics. They have pongee colored grounds with narrow, twilled, lengthwise stripes, generally in two colors, a bright cardinal about one-sixteenth of an inch wide being one of the two, the other either olive, brown, bright green or dark blue about one-fourth of an inch wide, the two being in contact. These double stripes are about four inches apart, and between them are one narrow stripe of cut and frise plush, a plain space of the ground, a single narrow line of color, then a frise stripe made up of these narraw stripes set in contact, then a plain space of pongee and again the double colored stripe. The goods are used for combination with plain pongee or tussore silk and make up very effectively.

—Mousquetaire gloves are preferred to all other styles by the majority of ladies, and the sales of this style are far in advance of all other kinds united. There are always a few ladies who prefer gloves that button, and a number who still ask for the Bernhardt style; but the latter are more in demand for traveling, riding and driving than for general wear. Gloves are quite as long as last season, from eight to twelve buttons being the desirable number, although the six-button gloves are in good demand for general wear. A great deal of attention is being given to the quality, style and fit of gloves. What are known as cheap gloves are never of first-class cut or material, for the reason that they would command a good price if they were of prime make and stock. The lady who buys cheap gloves may be perfectly satisfied that she will never get other than she selects—goods cheap in grade as well as price. Novelties in gloves attract but little attention among first-class trade, which is very conservative in its demands and requires plain, long, first-grade gloves of exquisite quality and finish. It cannot be said that there is much to choose between the popularity of finished and undressed kid for gloves. Both are favored, and the demand is about equal for each. The favorite colors are tan, light and dark, chamois color, brown and gray for street use with various costumes. Putty and Pearl shades are preferred for evening wear, and a great deal of cream-white and some chalk-white will be used for full dress. To match tailor-made suits there are all shades of dark and medium tan, brown, gray and yellowish tan, olive green and chamois color. Black kid gloves are worn with white dresses, but the fancy must of necessity be short-lived, as the least suspicion of perspiration on the hands makes ugly purple stains on everything the wearer touches. Black undressed-kid gloves are preferred for mourning, although finished kid is very generally worn. Gloves and mitts of jersey silk are more popular than ever, and this season they are brought out in still finer qualities and more elegant styles. In evening shades, and fancy styles with lace and ribbon and tassels, they are sufficiently dressy to satisfy the most exacting taste, while in plain, elegant qualities and colors they are almost perfect. In black they are so popular that there is often considerable difficulty in keeping up the assortments of styles and sizes. Fine and elegant netted silk mitts are almost identical with the old-time fashions save that they are finer and more artistic. There is little, if any, change in the cost of first-class gloves, and cheap ones are dear at any price.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS.

The "Fearful and Wonderful" Mechanism of the Human System Graphically Portrayed.

[In the editorial columns of the New York *Analyst*, H. Lassing, M. D., editor, writes the following beautiful description of the laboratories of the human system. We think we have never read a finer or more trustworthy one.]

"Man is the greatest of all chemical laboratories. Magnify the smallest cell of the body and what a factory is spread before the eyes countless chambers in which are globes of air, masses of solid matter, globules of dying liquid; a flash comes and the whole is consumed and needful heat is carried into every part of the system. Electrical forces also generate and are conveyed to the brain, the muscles and the various nerve centers.

In another set of a million chambers we see various gasses and vapors. By chemical action these are changed and purified in the lungs and the skin. The blood we often say is a great living river. In its current are masses which the air in the lungs did not affect; blocks of chalk; slabs of tartar; pieces of bone-ash, strings of albumen; drops of molasses, and lines of alcohol. How are these waste masses disposed of? Begin where you will in this great stream you must come to the purifying places of the system. Here is all activity and an invisible force reaches out into the stream, seizes and carries this mass of waste into vast trenches, thence into a smaller reservoir, and finally into a larger reservoir, which regularly discharges its contents.

This separation of lime, uric acid and other waste material from the blood without robbing it of a particle of the life fluid, passes human comprehension. In health this blood, purifying process is carried on without our knowledge. The organs in which it is done are faithful servants whose work is silent as long as health remains.

"People strangely wait until pain strikes a nerve before they will realize that they have any trouble. They do not know that pain concerns chiefly the exterior not the interior of the body. A certain set of nerves connect these blood-purifying organs with the brain. They may not gnaw and bite as does the tooth-ache or a scratch, but they regularly, silently report. When these organs are failing these nerves indicate it by drawing the blood from the face and cheek, leaving the lip and eye blanched, by sending uric acid poison into the smallest veins, the skin then becoming gray, yellow or brown. They also prevent the purification of the blood in the lungs and cause pulmonary difficulties, weariness and pain. Who enjoys perfect health, especially in this land where we burn the candle in one mass? The athlete breaks down in the race; the editor falls at his desk; the merchant succumbs in his counting-room. These events should not have been unexpected for nature long ago hung out her "lanterns of alarm." When the "accident" finally comes, its fatal effect is seen in a hundred forms; either as congestion, chronic weakness, as wrong action, as variable appetite, as head troubles, as palpitation and irregularities of the heart, as premature decay, as dryness and harshness of the skin causing the hair to drop out or turn gray, as apoplexy, as paralysis, as general debility, blood poisoning, etc.

"Put no faith then in the wiseacre who says there is no danger as long as there is no pain. Put no faith in the physician, whoever he may be, who says it is a mere cold or a slight indisposition. He knows little, if any, more than you do about it. He can neither see nor examine these organs and depends entirely upon experimental tests, that you can make as well as he.

"If the output is discolored or muddy, if it contains albumen, lymph, crystals, sweet or morbid matter, is red with escaped blood, or roily with gravel, mucus and froth, something is wrong and disease and death are not far away.

"These organs which we have described thus at length, because they are really the most important ones in the human system, the ones in which a large majority of human ailments originate and are sustained, are the kidneys. They have not been much discussed in public because it is conceded that the profession has little known power over them. What is wanted for such organs is a simple medicine, which can do no harm to the most delicate but must be of the greatest benefit to the afflicted. Such a remedy, tried and proved by many thousands all over the world is Warner's safe cure. With those in whom disease is deep seated it is the only specific. For those in whom the seeds are sown and the beginning of illness started it as unfailing reliance. It may be recommended to the well to prevent sickness and the sick to prevent death. With its aid the great filtering engines of the system keep on in their silent work without interruption; without it they get out of gear and then disease and death open the door and cross the threshold."

Such writing ought not only to please but to carry conviction that what Editor Lassing, M. D.,—so high an authority—says is true, and that his counsel is worthy the attention and heed of all prudent, right-minded people.

EXPERIENCE teaches that the earlier in an animal's age full feeding is resorted to the better it is both for its vigorous health and rapid growth. Thus will the best returns be secured, whether the animal is intended for early sale or for raising.

POTATO-growers should go over the field with a common harrow, running lengthwise of the rows, just before the plants push their noses through, and thus destroy all the weeds; afterward cultivate flat through the season, using only the common cultivator.

All albuminoid substances may be used for paper-sizing; but the albumen which is extracted from eggs or from blood is too expensive for general use. M. Muth of Carlsruhe substitutes for egg albumen the caseine of milk which has identically the same chemical composition. The caseine is but slightly soluble in pure water, but it may be wholly dissolved in water that is slightly alkaline, especially in very dilute [illegible]

Adhesive Power of Nails and Screws.—The extensive use to which nails and screws are put in construction lends considerable interest to any records of experience tending to discover their holding power. Haupt, in his "Military Bridges," gives a table of the holding power of wrought-iron ten-penny nails, seventy-seven to the pound, and about three inches long. The nails were driven through a one inch board into a block, and the board was then dragged in a direction perpendicular to the length of the nails. Taking a pine plank nailed to a pine block with eight nails to the square foot, the average breaking weight per nail was found to be 380 pounds. Similar experiments with oak showed the breaking weight to be 415 pounds. With twelve nails to the foot square the holding power was 542¼ pounds and with six nails in pine 463½ pounds. The highest result obtained was for twelve nails to the square foot in pine, the breaking weight being in this case 612 pounds per nail. The average strength decreases with the increase of surface. Tredgold gives the force in pounds required to extract three-penny brads from dry Christiana deal at right angles to the grain of the wood as fifty-eight pounds. The force required to draw a wrought-iron six-penny nail was 187 pounds, the length forced into the wood being one inch. The relative adhesion when driven transversely and longitudinally is, in deal, about two or one. To extract a common six-penny nail from a depth of one inch in dry beech, across grain, required 167 pounds; in dry Christiana deal, across grain, 187 pounds, and with grain, 87 pounds. In elm the force required was 327 pounds across grain, and 257 with grain. In oak the figure given was 507 pounds across grain. From further experiments it would appear that the holding power of spike-nails in fire is from 460 to 730 pounds per inch in length, while the adhesive power of screws two inches long, 0.22 inch in diameter at the exterior of the threads, twelve to the inch driven into ½-inch board, was 790 pounds in hard wood and about one-half that amount in soft wood.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Distinguished women praise themselves outright, and far more than distinguished men.

Confession of the Late Dr. Dio Lewis.

Thousands of people all over this country will hear with keen regret of the death of Dr. Dio Lewis. For many years he has been the inspiration of good health to thousands and has ministered comfort to those who would very sadly have missed his cheering words. Dr. Lewis was one of the most genial and inspiring of men. He did not believe very much in taking medicine, making hygiene a great hobby and insisting that if a person would live right there would be little necessity of medicine; and yet in 1883, his candor above all things else being noticeable, he said, "If I found myself afflicted with a serious kidney disorder I would use Warner's safe cure." Adding, "The truth is the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimonials of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen, hardly leave room to doubt that the proprietors of that remedy have fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity. I am not so narrow that I cannot gratefully recognize the precious value of relief in the form of medicine." Dr. Lewis met with an accident which injured him so that erysipelas set in and carried him off. His testimonial, coming as it did from a free, frank and open heart, is a very important confirmation of what so many thousands have said of the remedy he so highly commended.

It is a proposition of eternal verity that none can govern while he is despised.

No lady should live in perpetual fear, and suffer from the more serious troubles that so often appear, when Dr. Kilmer's COMPLETE FEMALE REMEDY is certain to prevent and cure Tumor and Cancer there.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude.

Women, as a rule, are not inventive. They have no desire for new wrinkles, unless using Carboline the New petroleum Hair producer, can be classified as a new wrinkle; all handsome ladies use it.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the steps by which we may spell characters.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

Virtue requires no other recompense than the tribute of self approbation and respect.

The claims as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are based *entirely* on what the people say it has done for them. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Chinese adieu is "chin chin," and so is a good share of the American ado.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $1 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We think ourselves full of philosophy when we are only happy over our food and drink.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Let's not croak; for croaking is already hindering half we attempt.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

"How Can She Ever Love Him?"

is what you often hear said when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can she bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption, or perhaps in insanity?" Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. By druggists.

In the years of youth, no black veil, only a motley one, hangs down, and in all its sorrows are still hopes.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

The indiscriminate defence of right and wrong contracts the understanding, while it hardens the heart.

To Consumptives,

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

Some thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

"Did you see that handsome lady whisk past just now?" said Mr. B. the other day, while standing on the corner waiting for the street car. "Yes, I saw her," said his companion, "and I really believe she has the finest complexion of any person I ever saw." "Well," said B., "she never used to appear on the streets without a veil on, but a short time ago, one of those fine days in February, she came out minus her veil, and with that beautiful complexion she now has. Formerly her face was disfigured by eruptions and freckles, but I understand that lately she has been using Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, for the complexion, and that may account for the enchanting change." For sale at all drug stores.

Any one thing in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence to a humble and grateful mind.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, the universal remedy for the cure of Scrofula, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Veneral Sores, and Diseases, Consumption, Goitre, Boils, Cancers, and all kindred diseases. There is no better means of securing a beautiful complexion than by using SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD & LIVER SYRUP, which cleanses the blood and gives permanent beauty to the skin.

Charity, taken in its largest extent, is nothing else but the sincere love of God and our neighbor.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Never betray a confidence.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

NEUSTAED TEA & CO., 81 Mercer St., New York

Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the **$8 HAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. **WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.**

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good. Full of "laughter and tears." It *sells at sight to all.* To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. *Patrons no hinderance as we* give *Extra Terms* and *Pay Freights.* Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

ROSES BY MAIL

WE WILL SEND YOU POST FREE WELL GROWN YOUNG ROSES

12 FOR $1.00
6 FOR 50 CTS.

OUR NEW BOOK ON ROSES,

THE AMATEUR ROSARIAN,

GIVEN WITH EACH ORDER OF

1 Dollar and Over.

We sell the Book alone for 25 Cents.

15 Tuberose Bulbs for $1.

Address all orders to

THE FLORAL EXCHANGE,

614 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

All orders by mail must be prepaid.

Illustrated Catalogue mailed free to all applicants.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER, Holly, Mich.

SEND NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Dolman, and Mantle Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. MOODY, Cincinnati, O.

Harsh words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

Purify the Blood.

We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely unequalled. The influence of the blood upon the health cannot be over-estimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little (?) ailments" are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FARM NOTES.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.—Next year's crop of asparagus will depend upon a vigorous growth of tops this summer; do not allow them to be cut away. Plant bush beans for succession. When Limas reach the tops of the poles pinch off the ends. Continue to sow early kinds of beets for late use and for greens. Set out late cabbages and cauliflowers as soon as the plants are large enough. Celery should now be planted; make well-manured rows three feet apart, plowing out furrows, manuring them, and turning back the soil; roll and harrow until the surface is fine and set out the plants six inches apart. Continue to sow early kinds of sweet corn. If cucumber seeds are to be saved, mark the earliest and finest specimens before any are cut for use. To prolong the bearing, cut away all of proper size, whether needed for use or not. Sow seeds for pickles. Melons and watermelons are beset by various enemies, none worse than the two-legged pest found everywhere not far from villages and towns; secure a stringent trespass law and enforce it. Onions, as a rule, pay best when sold half-grown or more and still green; wash and remove loose skin, and tie in bunches of three to six, according to size. If the vines of late squashes take root at the joints do not disturb them. Continue to hand-pick and crush the eggs of the squash-bug. Squashes of late kinds that set too late to ripen should be used for the table; they are superior to any early kinds. Sweet herbs may be transplanted to vacant places not needed for other crops. Keep the ridges on which sweet potatoes are growing free from weeds. When the vines begin to run do not allow them to take root; lift them occasionally. If the tomato rot appears cut away and burn all affected fruit as soon as a spot appears. Sow turnips of the ruta-baga sorts the first month. The "Long White French" is superior to all others for the table. Weeds, now and all the time, demand attention. If a crop is off, and the ground is not wanted for another, sow it to field peas or other crop, to keep down weeds and to be plowed under before frost.

FREQUENTLY in preparing a piece of clayey ground for seed, when it is desirable to have the surface quite fine, much trouble is experienced in reducing the hard lumps to the proper degree of fineness. If the lumps are quite dry much labor and vexation may be avoided and the work greatly hastened by giving the ground a moderate sprinkling of water from a hose or watering-pot. As soon as the soil can be raked without its sticking to and clogging the rake the lumps will be found quite friable.

NEVER let the soil in flower-pots get dry enough to injure the tender roots at the sides of the pot. To prevent this apply water enough to thoroughly saturate the entire ball of soil. Give so much that some will run out at the hole in the bottom of the pot. If you water in this way, and do not give another application until the soil on the surface looks dry, your plants will never suffer from drought or from over-watering. A most pernicious practice is that of giving water on the little-and-often plan. Don't follow it.

WE desire, to admonish our boys against bird-nest robbing, for the reason that, in the first place, by so doing you are violating the laws of your State, and are liable to arrest and punishment by the officers of the law; and secondly, by so doing you are depriving the country of one of the greatest helps the farmer and gardener has in getting rid of the worms and insects which destroy our fruits and grain crops. If there were no birds our orchards, fields and gardens would be destroyed by the insects. Think of this.

IT has been found by experiment that various animal and vegetable oils can be mixed with water and broken up into minute globules of fat, quite evenly distributed through the water, forming true emulsions. Thus liquids can be made closely resembling milk, and which act like milk. For a time, and while gently moved, the emulsion is preserved. If left at rest, gravity acts to bring the fats into a mass at the top like cream; and by churning, the fats can be gathered into a kind of butter. Ie these and other ways such artificial milks or emulsions act so very much like true milk that, reasoning by analogy, there is a strong argument that cow's milk is simply an emulsion.

IN setting posts a farmer states that where great solidity is required, gravel and small stones should be thrown in the hole after the posts are in position, and lime and sand mortar poured in on the stones, which protects the posts, as well as keeps them firm.

OCCASIONALLY bees gather honey from corn especially the sweet varieties. In early morning bees may be seen sipping the juice near the stalk at the axils of the leaves.

VENTILATION is absolutely necessary and essential to health. Unless a poultry-house be well and properly ventilated fowls cannot be kept healthy for any length of time.

Falling of the hair is arrested, and baldness averted, by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Obstinate cases of fever and ague can be cured by taking Ayer's Ague Cure.

PAINT costs little, but agricultural implements are expensive. By coating the one with the other every season a great saving is made, for agricultural implements may be used many years longer than is usual by the judicious and timely application of paint.

HONEY or sugar should always be given to the bees on the inside of the hive, to prevent robbing. A good feeder is made by taking a shallow dish and placing within it plenty of little floats of wood to prevent the bees from being drowned in the liquid.

A STICK flattened at the end will be found a help in planting flower-seeds. Make a shallow hole with the flat end of the stick and scatter the seeds in it, covering lightly.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

Trade Mark

Quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia** in all its forms, **Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food,** etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food.

MR. CHAS. THOMAS, Editor of *Herald*, Chambersburg, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia. It increased my appetite and removed the trouble."

MR. J. E. JEFFERS, Photographer, 162 Main St., Norfolk, Va., says: "I suffered greatly from a severe case of Dyspepsia—and derived no benefit from various treatments. I used Brown's Iron Bitters, and my health was fully restored."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! This Remedy corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. *Druggists.* Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's PHARMACY, Binghamton, N.Y. Letters of inquiry answered. Guide to Health (Sent Free).

Consumption Can Be Cured!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. Consumption is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

PIANOS A STEP IN ADVANCE OF ALL OTHERS. BETTER INSTRUMENTS. LOWER PRICES. EASIER TERMS. A NEW PLAN. BEST YET. A $400 PIANO FOR $250 $2 A WEEK. $2 A WEEK

WRITE, INCLOSING STAMP FOR FULL PARTICULARS. DEIN BROS. & CO. NEWARK, N. J.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circular

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

BUFFALO STANDARD SCALES AWARDED **FIRST PREMIUM** AT THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION, New Orleans. (Four Gold Medals. All other principal makers competing). Track Scales, Hay Scales, Platform Scales, etc. Important patented IMPROVEMENTS. BEST VALUE for YOUR MONEY. For circulars, terms and full particulars, address BUFFALO SCALE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N.Y.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 37 E. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y. Estab'd 1870. Send 10c. for book

DREYDOPPEL'S BORAX SOAP

Cleanses, purifies and makes clothes white and sweet. Excellent for Bath and Toilet. Full pound bars only. For sale everywhere.

NUMAN'S LAWN PUMP,

Patented July 30, 1878, August 19, 1884, and January 19, 1886. A perfect Pump; used by Farmers, Gardeners, Housekeepers, Store-keepers, Liverymen, Druggists, Butchers, Machinists, Plumbers, &c. Pays a big profit and sells everywhere on its merits. Agents wanted in every county-State and county rights for sale. Price $2.00, express charge prepaid by us. For descriptive circular and terms to agents, address, ELBEL & CO., Canton, O.

PENSIONS to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Atty, Washington, D.C.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED. A NEW METHOD. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

$3 ELECTRIC BELT for KIDNEYS, Pain, Nervous & weak. Book free. FLETCHER & CO., Cleveland, O.

RADWAY'S PILLS!

The Great Liver AND Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

A few samples of letters we are constantly receiving:

David Richard, Lunenburg, N. S.: Pills such a blessing that he will take no other.

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills he has ever used."

E. Hummel, Boonville, Mo.: Cured him when all others failed.

Alice E. Ohaver, Mt. Storm, W. Va.: "I positively say that Radway's are the best Pills I ever had for Dyspepsia."

G. W. Futcher, Hammonton, N. J.: Effectively cured of Pin Worms, and recommends Radway's Pills in the highest manner.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York, for "False and True."

NO LADY IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL

Without a Clear, White Complexion.

This Great American Lotion for Beautifying the Complexion and Healing the Skin

To a large extent conceals the evidence of age. A few applications will make the skin beautifully soft, smooth, and white. It is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and by so doing create disease of the skin, such as Pimples, etc., but is a perfectly clear liquid: a valuable discovery that causes the cheek to glow with health, and rival the lily in whiteness. It is impossible to detect in the beauty it confers. It cures Oily Skin, Pimples, Freckles, Face Grubs, Black Heads, Blotches, Sunburn, Chapped Hands and Face, Barber's Itch, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes of the skin from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes containing sediment, while it beautifies the skin, giving it that healthy, natural and youthful appearance which it is impossible to obtain by any other means. It is conceded by connoisseurs in the art to be the best and safest beautifier the world ever produced.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Send for Circulars, with Testimonials and Beautiful Picture, free.

W. M. SCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once: no operation or delays from business, tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. Hours: from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2721 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. and Sundays.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C.

JAMS TABLE SYRUP. Sweet Pickles. **JELLY** Vinegar, Catsup, Preserves. Canning and Brain-making for farmers' wives, mailed Free with every dime pack of Fall Turnip Seed (any kind.) BUTTER PAPER OF WINTER BEETS THROWN IN. JAMES HASLEY, Seed Grower, Madison, Ark.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY. A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial passages. Consultation and Books by mail FREE. Address Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

28 481

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Prepaid by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to first case that applies. They pay expressage on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Pimples, Blotches, Scaly or Oily Skin, Blemishes and all Skin Diseases Cured and Complexion Beautified by **Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap.** Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents by WM. DREYDOPPEL, Manufacturer, 208 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

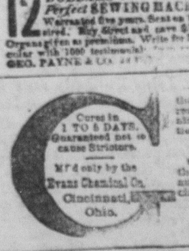
SURE CURE for DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION. Address J. M. SHELLEY, Charlotte, N.C.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE (combined), cannot be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U.S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

12 DOLLARS each for new and *Perfect* SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Sent on trial before sold. Any direct agent sells $10 to $20. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE circular with 1000 testimonials. GEO. PAYNE & CO.



Cures the worst cases. Has given relief in the worst cases of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex. Has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the country. A. L. SMITH, Bedford, Pa.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Sold Everywhere. Get the Genuine.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

MARLIN Magazine Rifle.

For large or small game—all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 28, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

China!

AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.

Dry-goods!

TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

In Laces

AND

Embroideries

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Blackberries will be plenty throughout the valley this year.

——Mrs. Daniel Horner, of Potter township, died of typhoid fever on Tuesday.

——Threshing machines are being put in operation on the wheat crop of this year.

——The Bellefonte ball team will play the Danville team at Bellefonte, on Friday 30th.

——One of the Penn Hall Sabbath schools contemplates an excursion to Snowshoe.

——Mrs. John Fortny, of near Tusseyville, who had been ill, died on Tuesday night, last.

——We issue the REPORTER one day later this week in order to have the sheriff's sales appear.

——Dr. J. F. Alexander has almost recovered from injuries received on the base ball ground.

——Candidates can have their tickets printed at this office for the delegate election at low rates.

——Jerry Miller has made an addition to his tonsorial parlors in the shape of a full line of cigars.

——Attorney D. F. Fortney of Bellefonte, was in town on Tuesday; before leaving he paid us a short visit.

——A. J. Graham, of Philipsburg, is mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Assembly.

——A party of young gents and ladies from Lamar, Clinton co., took supper at the hotel at this place on Saturday.

——John Irvin, father of Green Irvin, of Oak Hall, died at Keokuk, Iowa, on Monday. His age was about 78 years.

——Among the announcements is the card of ex-representative Rhone, as a candidate for re-election to the legislature.

——Monday noon a thunder storm passed over this section, which was welcomed by all. Lightning and thunder were severe.

——J. N. Cassanova, of Philipsburg, imentioned as a suitable person for delegate to the Dem. State convention, for the vacancy caused by the death of L. G. Lingle.

——The Methodist congregation who have been holding services in their Sunday school room expect to occupy the main audience room, which will soon be finished.

——A terrific thunder storm passed over the vicinity of State College and Oak Hall, on Monday afternoon, blowing down fences and trees, the rain came down in torrents and some bridges were washed away.

——The Centre Hall base ball team expects to play with Millinburg on the latter's ground, Thursday 29. Excursion tickets from this station will be $1.54 Quite a large number expect to go along to see the game.

——Since our last issue the illness of Mr. John Harper, living near here, has turned into a very serious case of spinal disease. He has been unconscious most of the time and his condition so low that doubts are had of his recovery.

——Messrs. John Kennedy and Michael Shires took the train on Tuesday last for Richmond, Indiana. These gentlemen are pushing the fence machine business right along and are making a success of it. They expect to attend State fairs and Grange picnics in a number of the eastern states for the purpose of exhibiting to farmers.

——Simon Ruble, of Stonemill, purchased several bushels of spring wheat at the Centre Hall roller mill, early in the spring, which he sowed in March, last, and has harvested a good crop from it. This experiment is worth a repetition as farmers might find their soil adapted to this variety of wheat, and when the winter wheat should prove a failure as was the case with many this year, spring wheat might be sown as a substitute in fields that are winter killed.

——The other day a Harris twp. farmer called our attention to a field of Bohemian oats which he had put out. This oats, he informed us, was nothing more than ordinary—in fact he placed less value upon it than on the old kind—it never yielded more nor weighed heavier. The largest manufacturer of oatmeal in the world, at Canton, Ohio, pronounces the Bohemian oats an inferior article for the manufacture of oat-meal. There was one big thing about it, it yielded immensely for the Bohemian oats swindlers.

——At the burning of Long's mill, at Howard, Mr. George Frank, of Rebersburg, fell from the upper story, the result being concussion of the brain. He was placed under the care of Dr. Thomas Rothrook, and seems to have gotten along all right for several days. But his friends insisted on moving him to his home at Rebersburg against the protest of the Doctor, who says that inflamation was caused thereby, from the effects of which Mr. Frank afterwards died.

——The name of Fowler station was changed to Inglesby.

——Through Georges Valley, and in the greater part of Penn township, the wheat crop was a good average one. In Haines township it is excellent. In the eastern half of Brush valley it is also good. In portions of Gregg, Potter, Harris, Ferguson and Benner, it is poor, and some farmers will not reap the sowing, while others, a smaller portion, rejoice in a pretty fair crop.

——Krumrine & Bro., will rebuild their shingle mill, lately burned near Spring Mills.

——Among the improvements at the railroad station is the very handsome residence of Aaron Harter which is so neat and cozy in appearance, as to place it among the finest hereabouts. Mr. J. T. Hagan, of Farmers Mills, had the contract, and the job does him great credit as a mechanic. Mr. Hagan is one of the best carpenters in the valley.

——Mrs. David Neidigh, of near Woodward, died a short time ago.

——Hay is all in, wheat is all in—next comes the Bohemian oats crop. The Republicans are anxious to take a hand in hauling that in. In the meantime the Bellefonte banks have a swath of Bohemian oats paper, which will be turned up to sweat some of our farmers.

——A short time ago the store of our old friend, S. H. Goodhart, at Hublersburg, was broken into by thieves and robbed of a quantity of goods.

——For a comfortable summer suit, go to the Philad. Branch, where you can get the latest styles and as cheap as in the city. Hats, cuffs, collars, ties, and all kinds of gent's wear always on hand. The only place in the county where you get a real bargain and the full worth of your money—all Lewin's customers say so.

——James Witmyer was seriously hurt at Coburn a few days ago. He was working on a logging job, and was struck by a cant hook, which knocked him into the creek. His bruises were quite severe.

——A pony belonging to landlord Bibby, of Spring Mills, got away one day last week while tied in the mountains, whither it had been driven by a huckelberry party. It had not been found next day. Hope Mr. Bibby will get it again.

——To cure a felon take common soft soap and stir in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, insert the finger therein, and the cure is certain.

——The street in the square, in front of the bank and church, is in a rougher looking condition, than we have seen for a good while. Loose stones and water ponds are a little too conspicuous.

——John Wolf, of Logan Mills, who is 85 years of age, still makes his hand in the harvest field. John is yet as sound and hearty as a great many people are at 40 years of age.

——J. C. Harper authorizes us to say that the rumor that he had withdrawn as a candidate for Prothonatary is not correct. The serious illness of his father has prevented him from calling upon his friends, but he is still a candidate.

——Any boy who can smoke cigarettes and talk base-ball is on a level with one who has gone through an academic course. If he can row a boat in addition he has all the qualifications of a Harvard or Yale graduate.

——A boy by name Wm. Bumgardner, of Linden Hall, was seriously injured, on last Saturday by a horse. The boy was either kicked or thrown off by the animal, it was not known which, and was found in an insensible condition, with ugly bruises about the head and face, and unconscious.

——Mr. Isbler, a tenant farmer in Nittany valley, did not cut any wheat this year, as the crop was so poor it was not worth the labor.

——The lightning struck a shock of wheat in a field of W. H. Stover's and burnt it up last Sunday evening. Near Aaronsburg.

BIRTHDAY RE-UNION.

On the 15th inst. the children, grandchildren and neighbors of John Gilliland met at his house at Salt Lick to congratulate him on his 80th birthday.

After dinner was over all gathered in to the parlor, when Dr. Potter appeared and spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Gilliland as follows:

Mr. John Gilliland: Sir:—We, your neighbors for the last quarter of a century, have met here to-day at your home, to congratulate you on your 80th birthday. We rejoice with you that your wife, who is 78 years old, is able to be at your side on this occasion. Few are they that live the three score and ten years, the alloted time of man; but you as well as your wife, have both exceeded that time. You spring from that Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock which emigrated to this country in the 18th century, seeking that political and religious liberty which the virtuous and intelligent mind grasps for. Your father was one of the pioneers of Centre county, and after uniting in marraige with the McChesney's, were among the first to help make that renowned Penns Valley bloom. Rearing seven stalwart sons, all of whom I had the pleasure to know, except one, and two daughters, they all settled on the hills and vales of mother Centre, bringing up families under the strict Scotch Presbyterian discipline. Six have gone to their long homes, and your brothers, James at 82, and Samuel at 74 and yourself at 80 years, are all that is left of the first American generation of the Gilliands. Your union with Lydia Smith was a happy one, and notwithstanding your early misfortune in the loss of a limb, you have trod the journey of life with as firm a footstep as those who were more fortunate. Spending the earliest part of your manhood in Centre county, you, some thirty years ago, became a citizen of Clearfield county, and I can testify to your earnest efforts in behalf of virtue and christianity for the last quarter of a century, and now, at the ripe old age of eighty years, you and your worthy helpmate are surrounded by your four sons and two daughters with their children.

——Underwood & Dale have the contract for putting up the creamery buildings at Spring Mills.

——To be "so disgusted with Centre Hall society"—that's good.

——Whenever you buy a suit of clothes at the Philad. Branch, you make from $5 to $10 compared with prices that are charged elsewhere. This is a fact worth remembering A boy's suit can be purchased at the same place at a saving of from $2 to $3. Lewins, besides, warrants his goods as represented, and no customer ever found reason to complain.

——New potatoes, last week, retailed at 30 cents per peck. There will no doubt soon be a come down in price, as the succulents will be plenty.

——Trains obstructing the crossing at this station, sometimes as long as 30 minutes, is a source of complaint of persons who drive the road and have to wait. Why can't the cars be uncoupled so as to leave the crossing open by a separation of train until it is ready to pull out?

——The season has been very favorable for the corn in our county, and our farmers are in expectation of a large crop. The oats crop is also a good one throughout the county, also barley. Potatoes, no doubt will be plenty, with an abundance of fruit.

— The Centre *Democrat* announces that a fellow had taken that paper eight years and now won't pay for it. That's bad, we have such cases occasionally and have concluded to publish the names of the cheats.

— Wm. C. Rote, of San Antonia, Tex., who taught one of the public schools in Aaronsburg, thirty years ago, gave the old burg a pop visit during last week, and speaks very favorably of the "lone star state." He thinks there is not a finer climate in the world. Winters are very mild so that roses bloom till Christmas, and two crops of grapes are grown and ripen during the year.

——Col. Wilson A. Norris and family of Philadelphia, the Republican candidate for Auditor General, is spending a few weeks in Aaronsburg.

——Daniel Boyer an old and respected citizen of Centre township, Snyder county, dropped dead on Monday evening.

——Another large invoice of Link Barb Fence Wire has been received at McFarlanes, in Bellefonte. This wire makes the best and cheapest fence and on account of time saved in putting it up, it is superceding all others. Write them for prices.

——Peter Hoffer lost two duplicates of poor taxes, and will thank the finder for returning the same to him at Centre Hall.

——Monday's rain storm caused a perfect deluge of water at Boalsburg, such as the place never witnessed before. In the neighborhood large gullies were washed out of the soil.

In this age of adulterated goods it is a pleasure to find an article that is absolutely pure. Such an artitcle is Dreydoppel's Borax Soap, and the price is so reasonable that there is no excuse for anybody using common adulterated scap. jul

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY PATRIOT FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The Harrisburg Daily *Patriot*, the central organ of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, will be sent, postage paid, to subscribers, from now until Nov. 10th, for $1.50; four copies to one post office, $5.00.

The weekly *Patriot*, a large eight page paper, only $1.00 per year. Special inducements to clubs.

The coming political battle in Pennsylvania will be one of unusual interest The *Patriot* has unrivalled facilities for receiving the latest news and the most accurate political information from all parts of the state. Address all communications to THE PATRIOT,
Harrisburg, Pa.

I had given myself up as lost on account of inherited scrofula. Tried every thing for purifying the blood without benefit until I used Parker's Tonic, and can truthfully say that it has cured me. I still use it for its splendid effect on my general health. H. K. Lynd, Chicago. ju

——Weather is getting hot.—The station is being enlarged.—Oats is 4 feet high and 1 foot in price.—Coburn notes next week.—Had calls from rep. Rhone, J. F. Potter, Cal Harper, D. Fortney, et al.—Our base ball club went to Youngmanstedel to lick or get licked.—Thursday morning John Harper very low and Mrs. Neff not improved.—John Grumbine is building an extension to his new house. —Sam'l Shoop is building a new house. —Abe Kerlin has a mountain home to rusticate in.—Berries are plenty.—Don't be a clam.

"There is nothing like Dr Thomas Eclectric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. "Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph co., Mich.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE
COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
As a Remedy for Pulmonary Affections and Scrofulous Diseases.

Dr. Ira M. Lang, a prominent physician in New York, says: I am greatly pleased with your Emulsion. Have found it very serviceable in above diseases, and it is easily administered on occount of its palatabieness. jul

SEVEN PERSONS KILLED.

Essen, Prussia, July 25.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred yesterday in the Koenig Ludwig mine at Recklinghausen. Seven persons were killed.

Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, feeling of langnor, biliousness, liver troubles and all diseases of the blood are speedily cured by the use of Keller's Catarrh Remedy. See advertisement.

"Her features are not attractive, yet what an attractive face she has." It is her beautiful hair. Once it was thin, grayish and fading. A few bottles of Parker's Hair Balsam wrought the transformation. It will do as much for anybody. jul

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

VICTORIOUS AGAIN.

CENTRE HALL AND MIFFLINBURGH CROSS BATS.

The game of ball played at Mifflinburg this forenoon, Thursday, between the team of that place and Centre Hall, resulted in favor of our team by a score of 12 to 15.

LIST OF JURORS FOR AUGUST TERM OF COURT.

GRAND, 4th Monday.
B F Hunter, Benner.
John W Hartsock, Patton.
John N Lane, Bellefonte
Aug. Montgomery, Howard twp.
C T Cheesman, Snow Shoe.
H L Barnhart, Boggs.
David Shivery, Ferguson.
A A Frank, Millheim.
D M Henny, Potter.
Wm White, Burnside.
Wm Yearick, Howard twp.
Daniel Paul, Phillipsburg.
Wm Mann, Liberty.
Harry Teats, Bellefonte.
J L Neff, Boggs.
S S Lyon, Bellefonte.
P W Bullock, Snow shoe
D M Butts, Bellefonte.
G W McWilliams Ferguson.
J M Kephart, Benner.
Wm Hudson, Phillipsburg.
J P Debass, Jr Curtin.
Geo W Hoover, Phillipsburg.

TRAVERS, 4th Monday.
John Davis, Rush.
J N Hall, Howard.
J C Hickland, Snowshoe
W W Rupert, Walker.
Robt McNight, Benner.
David Bressler, Penn.
F A Sellers, Patton.
H P Sankey, Potter.
Jesse Cleaver, Unionville
A D Lucas, Curtin.
A B Snyder, Spring.
A S Price, Worth.
M Velderfer, Burnside.
M P Holter, Howard twp
Mathias McCloskey, Howard twp.
G W Miles, Huston.
J R Rumberger, Benner.
J B Childs, Philipsburg.
Eliza Burd, Haines.
Henry Ertly, Marion.
Ashbury Gill, Rush.
Robt Welsh, Taylor.
Frank Weaver, Huston
J A Hunter, Halfmoon
Robt Lloyd, Phillipsburg
Peter H Bush, Union
P Hoffer, Potter
J B Mitchell, Ferguson
E E Henderson, Huston
D P Weston, Rush
G F Woodring, Huston
G Z Long, Howard boro
F M Webb, Rush
Joseph Bechdel, Liberty
W S William, Huston
Samuel Burrel, Gregg
Samuel Slack, Potter
W H Noll, Spring
W F Rockey, Potter
Harry R Curtin, Boggs
Jackson Gordon, Phillipsburg
Robt A Hall, Union
Manhall Cox, Boggs
D C Keller, Centre Hall
Fred Lambert, Haines
C U Hoffer, Bellefonte
Wm Peeler, Gregg
E H Carr, Milesburg

TRAVERS, 5th Monday.
Z J Robb, Unionville
Jas M Wilson, Benner
W M Shall, Union
L E Bergstresser, Walker
Cyrus Lose, Gregg
J Q Miles, Huston
Daniel Peters, Union
W H Dortan, Phillipsburg
John C Rote, Spring
Wm Graner, Snow Shoe
D W Schenck, Howard twp
J R Bumgardner, Liberty
Guyer Mattern, Potter
W T Twitmyer, Bellefonte
Andrew Campbell, Penn
Albert Smeltzer, Spring
Robt Matley, Rush
Wm Cable, College
W T Gray, Philipsburg
David Evans, Potter
B F Shafer, Walker
Geo Valentine, Bellefonte
John Todd, Rush
Wm Hopkins, Howard twp
W W Spangler, Potter
Saml Weiser, Millheim
Abs Confer, Haines
Miles Zimmerman Burnside
Saml Davis, Haines
Moses Gilbert, Miles
L G Noll, Penn
T S Lingle, Liberty
L A Schaffer, Bellefonte
L E Stover, Haines
Robt Nemeomer, Burnside
H H Benner, Bellefonte

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed, and remain filed of record in the Register's office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 25th day of August, A. D. 1886, for allowance and confirmation.

1. The final account of Daniel Brachs, Administrator &c., of Diana Fracht, late of Gregg twp. deceased.
2. The account of Catherine Rider and James Rider Executors of, &c., of John E. Rider, late of Ferguson twp. deceased.
3 The first and final account of George Alexander, Guardian of, &c., of the minor children of David Bodle, late of Union twp. deceased.
4 The first and partial account of Susannah Crain, Administratrix of, &c., of Benjamin Crain, late of Ferguson twp. deceased.
5 The final account of J. W. Parsons and Sam'l Walkey, Executors of, &c., of J. Steel Parsons, late of Bellefonte boro, deceased.
6 The third and final account of John Garbrick, one of the Executors of, &c., of Martha Cole late of Spring twp. deceased.
7 The account of R. G. Breit, and Wm. C. Hammond Executors of John Brett, late of Ferguson twp. deceased, as filed by R. G. Brett.
8 The first and final account of John B. Gohoen, Administrator, c. t. a. of George Baily, late of Ferguson twp. deceased
9 The account of James Murray, Executor of the last will and testament of Jane E. Weaver, late of Worth twp. deceased.
10 The account of James M. Miller, Administrator of, &c., of John L. Spiro, late of Gregg twp. deceased.
11 The first and final account of F. A. Shoemaker, Executor of Eliza Mullen, late of Bellefonte boro, deceased.
12 The account of D. F. Taylor, surviving Executor of John R. Taylor, late of Gregg township deceased.
13 The account of M. S. Feidler, Executor of the last will and testament of John Hess, late of Haines township deceased.
14 The first and final account of H. M. Confer, Administrator of, &c., of Sarah E. Young, (late Brown) late of Curtin twp deceased.
15 The first and final account of John W. Gray and W. L. Wilson, Guardians of Sarah Alice Gray etal, minor children of Martha P. Gray, late of Half Moon twp, deceased.
16 The supplemental account of Alfred Jones, Executor of, &c., of Wm. G. Myers, late of Philipsburg boro, deceased.
17 The account of James A. Sweetwood, Guardian of Wm. S. Searfoss, a minor child of Margaret Searfoss.
18 The account of Michael F. Hess, Administrator of, &c, of Sarah Hess, late of Harris, twp, deceased
19 The final account of W. J. Thompson, Administrator of, &c, of Robert Lee, late of Potter twp, deceased.
20 The account of Hon. Samuel Franck, Administrator of, &c, of James Stover, late of Miles twp, deceased.
21 First and final account of Daniel P Rishal, Guardian of Hattie T Lanich, (now Hattie T Stover,) minor child of Jacob Lanich, late of Penn twp, deceased.
22 The first and final account of Dr M Stewart, Administrator of, &c, of Wm Stewart, late of Snow Shoe twp, deceased.
23 The account of Samuel F. Ishler, and D W Meyers' Administrators of, &c, of John Meyers, late of Harris twp, deceased.
24 The account of Samuel F Ishler, one of the Administrators of John Meyers, late of Harris township, deceased, for proceeds of Real Estate under order of the court.
25 The final account of J W Gephart Administrator de bouis non cum testamento annexo, of James Logue, late of Harris twp, deceased.
26 The account of H Curtin, Administrator of, &c, of Joseph McMeen, late of Bellefonte boro, dec'd.
27 The final account of S A Woods, Executor of Eliza W Woods, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

JAS. A McCLAIN,
Register.

DIED.

At Aaronsburg, on Tuesday evening, July 20, Elizabeth, wife of Emanuel Ettinger, aged 82 years, 8 months and 20 days. (Obituary notice next week.)

STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce P. Gray Meek, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Senate, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention and the District Conference.

We are authorized to announce that C. T. Alexander, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Senator, subject to Democratic rules.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Congress, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John A. Woodward, of Howard, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. W. Shafer, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Aaron Williams, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonatary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for district attorney, subject to Democratic usages.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

——Tetter, Scrofula and Erysipelas cured for 25 cents. Dr. Smith's Salve. At druggists. No patent remedy.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Picas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886,

at 1:30 o'clock p. m., the following property, to wit:

No 1 All that messuage or tract of land situate in Miles twp, Centre co. Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Sam'l Strohecker and John Reynolds north 89° west 143 perches to stones, thence by land of John Wagner north 75° west 35.5 perches to a hemlock, south ½° east 10 perches to fallen oak, thence by land of S & H Gratz south 1° west 120 perches to stones, thence by land "supposed vacant," east 40 perches to stones north 89° east 148 perches to stones, thence by vacant land n 5° w 72 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 100 acres and 59 perches and allowance. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, good barn, corn crib, and other necessary outbuildings. also a good steam saw mill.

No 2 All that messuage or tract of land situate in Miles twp, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at an ash or line of the land of the said John Shively s 75° w 66 perches to a birch, thence n 89° w 69 perches to stones, thence s 4° e 140.3 perches to stones, thence n 75° e 65.9 perches to stones, thence north 124 perches to the place of beginning, containing 96 acres and 36 perches and the usual allowance for roads.

No 3 Also all that messuage or tract of land situate in Miles twp, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Wm Wagner, north 89½° west 262 perches to a chestnut oak, thence north 1° west 33 perches to a stone, thence south 89½° west 66.5 perches to stones, thence by land of George Brungart, north 1° west 77 perches to stones, thence by land of Peter Smull south 89½° east 318 perches to stones, thence by lands of John Smull south 1° east 110 perches to the place of beginning, containing 275 acres and 40 perches.

No 4 Also all that messuage or tract of land situate in the twp, of Miles, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a birch thence north 70° east 65.5 perches to an ash on Harshbergers line thence north 2° west 10 perches to a spruce tree, thence by land of John Shively north 49° west 60 perches to a stone, thence north 89° west 215 perches to a stone on Levi Snooks line, thence by land of L Snook south 2° east 78 perches to the place of beginning, containing 25 acres and 24 perches not Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lawrence Stover.

No 5 All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Central City, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the west by —— Street on the north by Rev Mattern, on the east by an alley, on the south by Main Street, thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Martha J. Watson and Jos. Watson.

No 6 All those two certain lots of ground situate in Snowshoe twp, Centre county, Pa., known as lots no. 653 and 654 in the plot or plan of the village of Snowshoe each fronting sixty-six feet on Sycamore street, and extending back from said Sycamore street, two hundred feet and adjoining lot of James Tobin on the north and lot formerly owned by Jas Gates on the south having thereon erected a store room, dwelling and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to sold as the property of N. Bauer.

No 7 All that certain tract or piece of land situate in the twp. of Walker, county of Centre and state of Penn. bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones and running south 60° west 71½ perches to stones, thence north 29¼° west 89½ perches to stones along the land sold to Irwin, thence north 61½° east 69.6 perches to stones along the line sold to Dunkel, thence south 31½° east 40.8 perches to stones, thence south 30° east 46.7 perches to the place of beginning along lands formerly belonging to the Hecla Furnace Company, containing 39 acres and 20 perches net measure, being part of a larger tract of land surveyed in the name of Thomas McComing, July 15, 1794, in pursuance of a warrant dated January 16, 1794, excepting and reserving nevertheless the right and privilege of mining, searching, for sinking, for and taking off the iron ore from said tract of land as described and fully set forth in deeds of Lewis Yocum and wife and Henry Yocum, to the said Thomas McQuillion, Sr. one thereof dated December 1, 1875, recorded in Deed Book "S," No. 2, page 199, &c. and the other dated September 5, 1879 and intended to be forthwith recorded. There on erected a 2½ story log house, 1½ story frame house, good barn, &c. also a good orchard. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lyman T. Eddy, Exr. Cum—Testamento Annexo of Thomas McQuillion, deceased.

No 8 All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Spring Mills, in Gregg township, Centre county, Penn. bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Mrs. Catherine Bitner widow, on the west by public road, on the south by James Smetzler, on the east by D. P. Heckman, containing ¼ of an acre more or less. Thereon erected a 2½ story frame dwelling house being unfinished.

No 9 Also another tract of land situate in twp. of Gregg, Centre county, Penn. bounded on the north by Thomas Kennely and I. J. Grenoble, on the west by Wm. McCool, on the south by Daniel Kennely, and on the east by a public road, containing 2 acres more or less. No buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George C. Breon.

No. 10. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Boggs township, Centre county, Penn., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Mary Baney, on the west by lands of McCoy, on the south by lands of McCoy, on the east by lands of Robert Spicer, containing six (6) acres, more or less. Thereon erected a log house and other outbuildings, Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George M. Baney.

No. 11. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land, it being part of a larger tract lying and being in Ferguson township, Centre county, Pa.: Beginning at a white oak corner; thence by land of Jno. Weaver and Jno. Brett north 37½° west 265 perches to stones; thence by land of Michael Weaver north 54° east 73 perches to stones; thence by land of Joseph Snyder south 37½° east 267 perches to a post; thence south 54° west 5 perches to a post; thence north 27½° west 6 perches to a post; thence by James H. Mitchell's land north 51° west 70 perches, to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and twenty-three (123) acres, strict measure. Being part of the tract of land known as the Grossman property, and by sundry conveyances entered on record, became vested in the said David Weaver, reference being had thereto will more fully and at large appear. Thereon erected a frame house, bank barn, wagon shed, hog pen, wood house and other outbuildings. Also, a good orchard about one mile north of Pine Grove Mills. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Weaver.

No. 12. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the eastern corner of Bishop street and the old Lewistown road, thence south 33 degrees 20 minutes east, along the western side of said road 268¾ feet to a post on land of Patrick Clark; thence along said land of Clark south 79 degrees 40 minutes west 387¼ feet to land of John McDermott; thence along said land north 11 degrees 20 minutes west 247 feet to the south side of Bishop street; thence along said street north 79 degrees 40 minutes east 284 feet, to the place of beginning, containing one acre and one hundred and forty-four perches, be the same more or less. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Edmund and E. M. Blanchard.

No. 13. All that certain tract of land situate in Penn township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the west by George Wirt, on the north by lands of Samuel Strobecker, on the east by the turnpike leading from Millheim to Coburn, and on the south by John Braught, containing one-half an acre, more or less. (No buildings.) Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Moyer.

No. 14. All that certain building located in Boggs township, Centre county, Pa., bounded by lands of McKinney's heirs on the east, and Patrick Flinn on the south, on the west by McCoy & Linn & Co., and on the north by John Harper, containing about seventy-six (76) acres. The building is a two-story frame dwelling house 20x30 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Watson.

No. 15. All that messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Lanvertown, Benner township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by public road, on the west by lands of John Schreffler, on the north by lands of Chambers, and on the east by lands of Dunlop Shugert, containing two acres, more or less. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Abraham Houser.

No. 16. All that certain tract of land situate in the township of Ferguson, county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones, thence by lands of David Weaver south 18¾ degrees east 105¼ perches to stones; thence by lands of Moses Thompson north 71¾ degrees east 91¾ perches to stones; thence along lands of John and Emanuel Houtz north 18¾ degrees west 109¾ perches to stones; thence along lands of Musser and Hess south 50¾ degrees west 10 6-10 perches, to the place of beginning, containing six acres and sixty-four perches, net measure. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Weaver.

No. 17. All that certain tract of land situate in the village of Eagleville, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the west by lands of William Miner, on the north by an alley, on the east by lands of Susan Graham, and on the south by a public road leading from Bellefonte to Lock Haven, containing one-fourth of an acre. There are erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lydia Graham.

TERMS: No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money be paid in full.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., July 28, 1886.

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the following inventories of the goods and chattles set apart to widows under the provisions of the Act of 14th of April, 1851, have been confirmed nisi by the court and filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, and if no exceptions be filed thereto on or before the first day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely:

1. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Ambrose McMullin, late of Walker township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Emily E. McMullin.
2. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Solomon Gates, late of Ferguson township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Elizabeth Gates.
3. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Daniel Luse, late of Gregg township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Harriet Luse.
4. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Philip Gross, late of the borough of Bellefonte, deceased, set apart to his widow, Barbara Gross.
5. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Michael Frank, late of Penn township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Anna Frank.
6. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Peter Haines, late of Howard township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Barbara Haines.
7. Inventory of the personal and real property of Sanford Tippery, late of Rush township, deceased, set apart to his minor children.
8. Inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Joseph Brockley, late of Rush township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Sarah RosKelley.
9. Appraisement of the real estate of A. K. McMullen, late of Snow Shoe township, deceased, set apart to his widow, Mary McMullin.
10. Appraisement of the real estate of John W. Gardner, late of Howard borough, deceased, set apart to his widow, Margaret J. Gardner.

JAMES A. McCLAIN, C. O. P.
Bellefonte, Pa., July 26, 1886. jul29 3t

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1886.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		16
" Western "		17
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	13
" " "	bbls	12½
Western, ex brands	" crates	12½
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	10½
" mixed	"	10
" Western, straight	"	10½
" mixed	"	10
Spring Chickens	" 10	18
Roosters	"	8
Ducks, Spring	"	12
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Fowls, extra	per lb	11
" choice	"	10½
" scalded	"	10
Chickens, Spring	" 20	25
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	6½
" Fair to good	"	5½
" Common stock	"	5
Sheep, prime	"	5
Lambs, extra	$3.00	4.50
Live Cattle	"	6
Hogs, live	"	5½
Pigs, live	"	9
SEEDS.		
Timothy	per bu 1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb 9½	10
Flax	per bu	1 40
WOOL.		
Tub-Washed	per lb 28	30
Unwashed	" 18	20
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese	per lb	48
Prime "	" 44	46
Chicken	" 4	5
Turkey, as to quality	" 4	5
Duck	" 25	50
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry	per lb 10	11
Calf, Salted	" 10	12
Hides, Green, Steer	" 6½	7
" " Cow	"	6
" " Bull	" 4	5½
" Salted Steer	"	7
" " Cow	"	6
Sheep Skins, per piece	35	1 25
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	6½
Tallow, Solid	"	4½
" Cake	"	4½
Honey in Comb	"	11
Country Soap	"	4

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Wagner, Sr., deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB WAGNER,
J. H. WAGNER,
16jun64 Executors, Tusseyville, Pa.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, at Centre Hall, on the 13 inst., one ewe and two lambs. The lambs are not docked. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

Jas. Gill, Centre Hall, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE. Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will exposed at public sale on the premises, near Tusseyville, Centre county, on Saturday, August 28, at 1 o'clock p. m., an elegant farm residence, late the property of Hon. John K. Runkle, dec'd. The same being a tract of land containing about 79 Acres, more or less, and in a state of high cultivation. The farm is one of the best producing in Pennsvalley. There are about 10 Acres of good timber land adjoining it, which will be sold with the farm. There are two good Orchards, one just beginning to bear. Good well and cistern water at the door